THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XIV.—JANUARY, 1878.—No. 81.

WILL MOHAMMEDANISM OUTLIVE THE TURKISH EMPIRE?

Two days before his death, Mohammed went to the mosque for the last time, and asked if he had injured any man. If so, let his own back bear the stripes. "Better be in shame now," said he, "than at the day of judgment." He then went home. A Jewish maidservant prepared for him a dish which she had poisoned, with the intent of testing his supernatural powers. He ate of it and died.

To the question if he had injured any man the modern world is constrained to answer in a positive affirmative. He has been the social and religious death of several nations. The fierce enthusiasm which he inspired in the Saracens blazed like a destroying fire for eight hundred years, and left nought but ashes behind. His religion has cursed Turkey and the East for hundreds of years, and has failed to lift them out of semi-barbarism. Whatever may be the theoretical excellence of the precepts of the Koran, the Moslem influence has been singularly inoperative of good upon the nations which embraced the creed. It deepened the natural fatalistic tendencies of the Oriental mind. It gave a religious sanction to unbridled sensuality. It sowed the seeds of religious rancor and bitterness among races not cultured enough to be theological. It stood as an inseparable obstacle to the Christianizing of the East, or rather it uprooted the faith in nations which had the apostles for their missionaries.

Under all the political reasons for the prosecution of the war in the East, there runs a deep current of religious feeling. The Cross and the Crescent are once more arrayed in deadly conflict. It is true that Greek Christianity is not the purest or mightiest force to summon against the Mohammedan superstition, but still as representative of the eternal and irreconcilable enmity between the creeds, it serves to enlist the sympathies of the Christian world. The divided opinion in England upon the merits of the question is a sad illustration of the decay of that Christian feeling which in the times of Richard Cœur de Lion inflamed the island with the faith and fervor of the Crusades. Then England did not rate all good by the standard of

pounds, shillings, and pence. Whatever be the motives actuating Russia, it is clear that the humiliation and dismemberment of the Turkish Empire must prove fatal to the Mussulman creed, which has so long reared its horrid front in the face of Christian and civilized Europe. The downfall of the Turkish power is the prelude to the disintegration of the Moslem system. As it is, the former tenacity of belief has long since given way to the laxity of morals and the prevalence of sectism. Few pilgrims now wend their way to the shrine of Mecca, the glory of which has departed. The nomadic tribes of Arabia, illiterate and immoral, will lose or corrupt the traditions of the Prophet, and once deprived of a settled organ and government, such as Turkey, Mohammedanism, like ancient paganism, must necessarily disappear from the earth, and be relegated to that chaos of false religions and exploded theories, the history of which serves to astonish, instruct, and humiliate mankind.

It is our intention to sketch the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, to search its inner spirit, its influence upon the world, and the evidences at hand of its speedy dissolution. This forms one of the most curious and instructive chapters in the history of religion, and awakens a feeling of awe and gratitude for the possession of that divine faith which at once secures us against the deceits of our own hearts and the machinations of the evil spirit and his instruments.

Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, was born A.D. 570, at Mecca, in Arabia. He sprang from a sacerdotal tribe who were intrusted with the care of the Caaba, or sacred stone of the Arabians, which they fabled fell down from heaven, and which, very probably, was an aerolite. This huge black stone still plays a part in Islamism, having been retained by Mohammed in deference to the traditional respect of his tribe. The Sultan yearly sends to Mecca a covering for it, of rich black silk, magnificently embroidered. The Arab, whose marked characteristics Mohammed possessed in an eminent degree, has always been noted for religious feeling. The ancient Magians and Persians were star-worshippers, a form of idolatry which appears to be productive of exalted religious ideas and feelings. The primitive Irish also were Sabeans, or worshippers of the sun. The naked plains of the desert, in which sky and earth seem to meet, afforded to the wandering tribes the most magnificent views of the glory and splendor of the heavenly bodies. There also lingered among them the traditions of the Ishmaelites, and the promise made by God to Abraham, of making his son Ishmael a great people. Mohammed claimed descent from Abraham, and no doubt was familiar with the prophecy which, as we shall see, he was marvellously destined to fulfil.

Of his youth we have no particulars, nor was it until his fortieth year that he claimed to be favored with celestial revelations. He appears to have been a man of a serious and contemplative turn of mind, and frequently passed whole months in retirement. His first revelations came from heaven through the angel Gabriel. He was instructed to destroy idolatry, and to announce himself as the apostle of God. Then he phrased the formula, There is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. For three years he had made only five converts. His kinsmen with few exceptions kept aloof from him, and regarded his enthusiasm as dangerous to his own safety and the peace of the state. The opposition at length became so violent that he was obliged to flee from Mecca to Medina, a flight or hegira which forms the chronological era of the Moslems (July 16th, A.D. 622).

Stung by his treatment by his

friends and neighbors, the revengeful spirit of Mohammed sought in the sword the most available instrument for retaliating his wrongs and spreading his religion. "I can do with the sword what Moses did with his rod," he exclaimed. The warlike spirit which he infused into his creed held the ascendency over the milder virtues for centuries. The military profession was the path to both temporal and eternal rewards. Paradise was opened to the gallant defender of the Moslem creed. His wounds would shine as glorious suns in the paradise of the blessed. Celestial wings would supply the missing limbs. "One drop of blood," said he, "shed in the cause of religion was more salutary than two months of incessant prayer and fasting." The Koran records the intervention of angelic warriors in several battles. Full of enthusiasm, the Moslem soldiers, assured of eternal happiness, rushed upon the foe with the war-cry of Islam. They are paralleled in modern history by the troopers of Cromwell.

The Bedouin tribes were soon converted by the sword, and after some parleying the inhabitants of Mecca threw open their gates to the Prophet. Mohammed was desirous of enlisting the Jews in his behalf, and an acknowledgment of his prophetic claims; but they obstinately refused to recognize him as the Messiah, and made of him an irreconcilable enemy. He witnessed unmoved the massacre of hundreds of the unfortunate children of Israel. Gibbon thinks it would have been happy for that unfortunate race had they recognized Mohammed as the Expected of Nations (a title which he affected), for he was anxious to number them among the faithful. The many Levitical ordinances of the Koran, such as lustration, purification, and the prohibition of swine's flesh are taken from the Jews, and Jerusalem is one of the three holy cities.

During the lifetime of Mohammed his opinions spread rapidly, and in his dual character of prophet and king he conducted himself admirably. There was nothing *divine* or *supernatural* in his conduct, as we understand the terms. His most complimentary biographers represent him as a man full of human passions, anger, lust, deceitfulness, and revenge. Carlyle makes much ado about the veneration which he inspired among men who were his every-day companions, and argues therefrom that he must have proved his right to the title of prophet; but we must remember that the courtiers of Caligula worshipped his horse as a god. Besides, Mohammed was infinitely superior to the rude and superstitious men that surrounded him, and his other than supernatural qualities, his bravery, his finesse, his magnificent beauty, were all calculated to leave deep impressions upon untutored minds, and to inspire love and admiration in rude bosoms.

The successors of Mohammed spread the terror of the Moslem name from Grenada to Delhi, and founded one of the mightiest dynasties of modern times. The lust for power and pelf was early fostered by Mohammed, who ordained a liberal division of the spoils of conquered territory among his soldiers. This was, no doubt, the most attractive feature in his religion to his first followers, who were famous as merchants and thieves. The idea that made Cromwell's soldiers invincible was the same that inspired the followers of the Prophet. The Calvinistic doctrine of absolute predestination was not more familiar to the conquerors at Worcester than to the Mussulman besiegers of Damascus. Always reckless of life, the Arab had now a reason for death. It was the entrance to a paradise which his sensual mind thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. Cooling fountains, delightful groves, troops of beautiful damsels, and all the physical gratifications that could be described or

dreamed of, opened upon the dying eyes of the soldier, who thus exchanged a miserable existence on the parched desert for the endless joys of heaven.

In his quest for lay-figures for his heroes, Mr. Carlyle has fixed upon Mohammed as the hero-prophet. Isaiah or Jeremiah did not furnish the proper heroic qualifications. The patience of Daniel, the rapt vision of Ezekiel, or the consummate virtue of Elias do not seem to find favor in the eyes of the hero worshipper. Of course we need not be surprised at his choice of Mohammed, when he selects the beery monk of Wittenberg as the type of the perfect priest. Around Mohammed he marshals his troop of splendors, infinities, eternities, and actualities, which do such service in all the themes he writes upon, from a suit of old clothes, to the galaxies of the universe. He scouts the idea that Mohammed could have been an impostor. "His heats were all burnt out" at forty, though Gibbon's prurient imagination finds ample material in the numerous amours of the Prophet, who so roused his wives' jealousy that nothing but a timely revelation from the angel Gabriel preserved the domestic peace. Carlyle congratulates the Prophet upon "swallowing up" the innumerable sects and idolatries that afflicted Arabia, and he indulges in very flippant comments upon the words by which the Council of Nice determined for all time the consubstantiality of the eternal Son of God with the Father.

With that exquisite coolness and indifference to the *norma loquendi*, which the Scotch Diogenes shows in the manufacture and use of words, he employs in every and any sense the appellation "Prophet," which has a fixed and distinct meaning. A prophet is one who foretells the hidden future by the divine assistance. Mohammed was neither a prophet nor worker of miracles. When besought to work prodigies in attestation of his claims, he angrily replied that the visible world was full of miracles, and that strong faith needed no factitious aids. If he had a deep conviction of his own success, it was the extent of any "faith" that he possessed. But we must understand Carlyle before we perceive that Mohammed was a prophet because he was sincere; because he smote down idols, and displayed the same rough energy and strength of will that made Frederick the Great a prophet, too, after the order of Carlyle. It is a sign of what Carlyle himself would call the mock-heroic to see him building a sacred shrine to a man who must be viewed either as an impostor or enthusiast. Why take *him* as a hero-prophet when, from every nook in Christendom, there starts out a man filled with the purest and holiest love of God and his glory? Why pass over the St. Bernards and Xaviers to bespangle with tawdry praise the garments of one who set himself over the Lord Jesus Christ?

If religious enthusiasm is to be the form of religious truth and sincerity, we find ourselves at sea at once, in the unsafe keeping of all sorts of harebrained apostles and prophets. Happy for the Church if, as Macaulay surmises, we have a process of turning Joanna Southcotes into St. Theresas. All the operations of the Spirit of God are peaceful, profound, unspeakable. There is none of the frenzy of the Pythoness. The spiritual life tends rather to calm and modify our natural impetuosity, while the discipline of the Church soon checks abnormal developments of zeal. If Carlyle's rules for discovering a prophet are to be accepted, we must place the prophetic mantle upon the shoulders of Emanuel Swedenborg and Joseph Smith. Nothing is more contagious than religious excitement. No delusions are more frequent and incurable than religious callings and missions. But Mohammed was not car-

ried away by an excitement which unfitted him for the camp or the cabinet. He was a remarkably cool prophet, and he regulated his prophetic ecstasy with surprising convenience, and with marked attention to the exigencies of certain situations.

Carlyle says that Mohammed wrought good, inasmuch as he destroyed Arabian idolatry. Mohammedanism, says he, is a half Christianity. So much the worse, say we. A lie which is half the truth is ever the worst of lies. It is this horrible aping of Christianity which is so revolting. Mohammed artfully displaces our Redeemer and makes him one of the satellites that revolve around himself. It is absurd to claim for Mohammed the credit of destroying idolatry in nations which either had received or were on the point of receiving the Christian faith. Besides, Arabia was a land in which the patriarchal traditions still survived. Mohammed really opposed the spread of the true Light which enlightens every man that comes into this world. He borrowed from the Nestorians and the Docetæ heretical errors, and added to his doctrine many of the absurdities of the Talmud. He thus closed to his people all the pure reforming influences of Judaism and Christianity by his parody of both.

Why supplement the eternal truth of the unity of God with the fiction of his own apostolate? for, according to him, both *dicta* are to be received as necessary for salvation. The extinction of idolatry was a good which was neutralized by the succeeding superstition. The Caaba with its mystic rites seems preferable to that horrible formula which links the everlasting truth "There is one God" with the lie "Mohammed is his Prophet."

If Carlyle admires the religious idea breaking forth in the flame of noble deeds of high emprise, why does he not turn to that marvellous outburst of chivalry and Christian love known as the Crusades? In that glorious enthusiasm the Christian Church showed forth its full beauty and power, the noblest object for which a man could fight and die; Europe felt no wild spasm of fanatic rage, but the strong feeling of conviction that it was God's will to reclaim the holy places from the pollution of the infidel. To die for the Cross, to expire upon the field over which the Son of God had walked, to behold the vision of the heavenly Jerusalem from the walls of its earthly namesake, to draw sword in the cause of God against his enemies, here was a theme to satisfy the greatest hero-worshipper under the sun. But Carlyle, notwithstanding his study of Goethe, has still to learn the "open secret."

Dr. Johnson has remarked the striking similarity, rather designed and formed by the Prophet, between the rise and progress of Christianity and the origin and success of Islamism. The whole train of circumstances attending its first promulgation is extraordinary. Its dominion over the human mind, both as conquering and conquered, and its power to change the character of nations, are facts still more extraordinary. Its progress in quarters where it resorted only to the arts of peace and persuasion is unexplained. Its permanency and inviolable preservation of its original pure theism, and the mysterious concurrency, unexampled save in the history of Christianity, of causes and events conducing to favor its introduction and establishment, lead the mind to seek the explanation in some adequate source. This resemblance has given a great deal of uneasiness to apologists for Christianity, who imagine that they can establish its divine origin on simply natural grounds and by a process of mere historical and critical research. The fact is, Mohammedanism has twice the number of merely natural arguments

in its favor. The arguments to prove the Scriptures inspired may be applied with almost equal force to the Koran. When will Protestant divines perceive the insufficiency of their arguments to establish Christianity upon a groundwork of physical or literary evidences? Butler and Paley with their host of imitators have been overthrown a thousand times, but they have the happy ignorance of not knowing when they are beaten. Mohammed went to work scientifically, with the aid of heretical works, to frame a religion which should supersede Judaism and Christianity. It is to be supposed that he labored for that end and with that view. Hence innumerable analogies, both designed and unconscious, present themselves between him and Moses, and even our Lord. His mind was filled with the visions of the prophets and the Psalmist, and he was familiar with both the genuine and the apocryphal gospels. What could be easier done than arrange his life and book in prophetic attitudes and tones? Like Moses, he wandered in the desert, and did not present himself as a prophet till his fortieth year. He declared himself to be of the same stock as Abraham. Moses received the tables of the law upon the Mount, Mohammed from the hands of an angel. He placed the Koran in an ark of wood. Like Moses, he claimed the power of conquering and colonizing. Prior to entering upon his mission he was driven into exile; he led forth his people from the desert as their prophet and king; he appointed twelve legislators; in short, he modelled himself upon Moses as the archetype of the Messiah, upon Christ as the fulfilment of the Mosaic type, and finally he presented himself as the last and greatest of the prophets, improving upon our Saviour in the establishment of a temporal kingdom as well as a spiritual supremacy. If we view Mohammed from a Scriptural standpoint he manages to play the part of every Scriptural worthy from Adam down; but who fails to see the evidence of laborious design, of studied imitation, aided by the force of circumstances, in this arch-deceiver, who fills all the outlines of Christ's prediction regarding false Christs and false prophets, and is the very Antichrist of St. John, a man setting himself up as God? The writers of the middle ages unanimously agree that in Mohammed we have the Beast of the Apocalypse.

Thus we see how easily shaken is the cumbrous structure of natural proofs reared with infinite labor by those who do not perceive at once that the Church of Jesus Christ must be regarded as an object of divine and supernatural faith. Of course we by no means wish to detract from the force of those arguments by which the theologian establishes the authenticity of the inspired writings, nor the proofs of the divine origin of Christianity from its sublime doctrines, the life of its Founder, the number of its martyrs, etc. These are cogent and convincing. But after all, and before all, the Church stands as a divine fact and illumination, shining *luce suâ*, and attesting its origin by supernatural proofs and attestations. Without the authority and infallible magistery of the Church, of what avail is historical criticism or hermeneutical knowledge, with Mohammedanism staring us unwinkingly in the face, and pointing to the very arguments which Protestantism uses in its own defence and for its own glory?

Our own reading and reflection have led us to the conclusion (which we give for what it is worth) that Mohammed, liar and cheat that he became, was originally a providential agent in the hands of God, but that the grace of recognizing the truth of the divine unity and the promise to Ishmael became distorted in his mind by the passion of ambition, and perhaps anger at the manner in which he was received. He who is true to

his word had declared that he would make Ishmael a great people. Isaac had received the benediction in Jesus Christ. The bondsman was to be made free with his freedom. But man can frustrate the designs of the Almighty, in spiritual graces, by the freedom of his will. Arabia certainly received through Mohammed the temporal blessing, for no richer, wiser, nor more valiant race ever flourished as did they under the rule of the caliphs. The promise to Abraham was fulfilled. The children of Agar saw their standard victorious, their marts crowded with commerce, their civilization copied and envied by Europe, and their throne fixed in the halls of the Cæsars. Their history is an illustration of the divine dealings with man. But their hand was against every man, and they lived the terror of their neighbors for centuries. Professing to honor Christ, they in reality set up permanently the abomination of desolation even in the holy city. Onset after onset did they make upon the bulwarks of Christendom, and if God had not stretched forth his right arm, the Papal power, desolation would have swept over Europe and the Church. The Popes repeatedly stemmed the tide of barbarian invasion. The hammer of Charles Martel broke their hosts asunder upon the plains of Poictiers, and it was at the prayer of a Pope that their proudest navy was scattered at Lepanto, as by the breath of God.

Mohammed embodied his doctrines in a book which he called Koran, which signifies "reading" or "things to be heard." This is supplemented by a work named "Sunna," a record of the sayings and doings of Mohammed, and an authoritative exposition and interpretation of the Koran. The latter book is inexpressibly dull and tedious, though its rhythmic form may have beauties in the Arabic original. Its leading doctrine of course is the absolute unity of the Supreme Being, and its only other positive dogma is predestination or absolute fatalism. The morality which it inculcates is of a high order, being borrowed from Hebrew and Christian sources. The greatest stress is laid upon the necessity and efficacy of prayer, fasting, and almsgiving, all of which are compulsory.

The fatalism rigidly advocated by the Koran has an unhappy effect upon man. He feels himself bound as by an iron network of circumstances, fate, and conditions which he can neither understand nor control. Islam means complete submission to God. Carlyle insists that this is the only true thing in all religions; but his shallow reasoning fails to touch the spring of the evils which result from fatalism. Possibly his Scotch education received the doctrine of Knox as the essence of Christianity. Absolute predestination deadens the heart, unfits it for virtue, and makes it either selfishly complacent or despairing. Our more critical understanding rejects the horrible incubus; but the Oriental mind found it congenial to its slow perceptions and its disinclination to think. Mohammed assured all the faithful of eventual future happiness, though the wicked should be first punished by periods of a thousand years. There appears to be no principle of a spiritual life in his teachings. The Turks are as cruel, sensual, and dishonest to-day as they were before they embraced Islam. The Bedouin still robs and murders the travellers of the desert, and a Persian saying makes the bargains of commerce at Mecca synonymous with theft and deception.

It was not until the Caliphate was thoroughly established that attention was given to the arts and sciences. The quick and fertile genius of Arabia then put forth its powers and produced the most enduring monuments of Saracenic greatness. The exact sciences were cultivated with ardor; and even

theological speculations became rife. Schools of doctrine were formed in which professors taught philosophy and theology; and it was through them that Aristotle became known to Europe. Astrology was cultivated to an absurd extent, and the dreams of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life originated in the laboratories of Eastern chemists. The earlier Caliphs were either illiterate or averse to learning. Omar burnt the Alexandrian library, saying that if the books contained anything more or less than the Koran, they were equally useless. The baths of the city were heated for six months with the fuel of priceless manuscripts and massive volumes. Scholars have never ceased to deplore the loss which learning sustained at that time, especially in the destruction of Scriptural manuscripts. It is supposed that Ptolemy's copy of the Sep tuagint version perished in the flames.

We have said that Mohammedanism is on the wane. In India, the labors of the Catholic missionaries are abundantly rewarded. Persia is distracted with sects, and Arabia keeps it rather as a vague tradition than a vital creed. It finds in Turkey its only congenial home and its last stronghold. The obstinacy of the Turk in all his habits and ideas is the only warrant of its continuance. The union of the royal and priestly character in the Sultan also furnishes a prime condition of its existence—this being Mohammed's own ideas. But Turkey, of late years, has been opened out and liberalized by modern thought and civilization, and the restless nations around it have shaken its lethargy. The abandoned lives of its sultans have exposed them to the contempt and ridicule of their subjects, and made them the tools of designing ministers.

The long-continued reign of Islam threatens to close amidst the clouds and lightnings of war. Like the moving masses of sand in the deserts from which it sprang, it has long blinded the eyes of nations, shifted with the varying simooms of fierce passions and hot prejudices, but it will break before the life-giving air of rational liberty, enlightened public opinion, and, above all, of Christian influences. Huge, misshapen, and portentous, its lowering form recedes in the gloom, and its dark superstitions betake themselves to their native shades.

TWO VOCATIONS.*

When, during the War of American Independence, the little Eliza Ann Bayley was the joy and beauty of her father's New York home, no wildest flight of fancy probably ever suggested to him, who was father and mother both to her, that his child would one day be at the head of a peaceful but powerful army, whose banner of charity should be known and loved from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. He might have dreamed it to be remotely possible that divisions could, some future day, occur in the new country struggling into life, and that the sons of those who, in his time, were fighting side by side might one day clash swords against each other; but he was not likely to so forecast events as to dream that in that future of his Protestant country the white cap of the Catholic Sisters of Charity would be known and welcomed and honored on battlefield and in hospital, and that she whom those sisters revered as their foundress and first mother would be his little girl.

Eliza Bayley was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and she married Mr. William Seton, who was also of that denomination. She was earnestly devout, and was so devoted to the relief of the poor that she and one of her relations, who was much associated with her in such works, were called Protestant Sisters of Charity. Her biographer says, in regard to this portion of her life, "Hers was one of those favored souls that are borne up by their own natural impulses to the love and pursuit of what is right, and this disposition, aided by study and reflection, gave to her sentiments and aspirations a tone of uncommon purity and virtue, which manifested itself in all her writings. Her mind was of a superior order, but it was not less prone to the indulgence of pious meditation than it was active and intelligent. Those hours which she could snatch from her domestic and social duties were frequently employed in communing with God, in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and in meditating upon the sublime truths of the Christian religion. When things had assumed the most unfavorable aspect, and one loss appeared only to be the harbinger of additional misfortunes, she knew how to possess her soul in patience and to trust in Him who directs all the events of life for the wisest ends."

In 1803 Mr. Seton, who was in very delicate health, left home for Italy, to try the effect of a sea-voyage. His wife and their eldest daughter Anna accompanied him, leaving two sons and two daughters at home. On the 18th of November they reached Leghorn, where they were obliged to go into quarantine, and there for a full month they lived in suffering and deprivation, brightened with earthly and heavenly love, whose record, from Mrs. Seton's own journal of the time, is very touching and beautiful to read.

But it is more, much more, than touching and beautiful when considered in the light of what was to follow. On the 19th of December the poor invalid was set free from his trying captivity, though his wife's heart "beat almost to fainting lest he should die in the exertion;" comfort for a short time was granted him, but extreme suffering and weakness accompanied it. The record for December 26th is: "Was so impatient to be gone that I could scarcely persuade him to wet his lips, but con-

* The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence, Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Burns & Oates, London, 1875. Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America. By Charles I. White, D.D. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1873.

tinued calling his Redeemer to pardon and release him. As he always would have his door shut, I had no interruption. Carlton kept Anna out of the way, and every promise in the Scripture and prayer I could remember I continually repeated to him, which seemed to be his only relief. When I stopped to give him anything, 'Why do you do it? What do I want? I want to be in heaven; pray, pray for my soul.' He said he felt so comfortable an assurance that his Redeemer would receive him, that he saw his dear little Rebecca smiling before him, and told little Anna, 'Oh, if your father could take you with him!' And at midnight, when the cold sweats came on, he would reach out both his arms, and said, repeatedly, 'You promised me you would go; come, come, fly!' At four the hard struggle ceased; nature sank into a settled sob. 'My dear wife and little ones,' and 'My Christ Jesus, have mercy and receive me,' was all I could distinguish; and again repeated, 'My Christ Jesus,' until a quarter past seven, when the dear soul took its flight to the blessed exchange it so much longed for. I often asked him, when he could not speak, 'You feel, my love, that you are going to your Redeemer?' and he motioned 'Yes,' with a look of peace. At a quarter past seven on Tuesday morning, December 27th, his soul was released, and mine from a struggle next to death. And how will my dear sister understand, except you could conceive the scene of suffering my poor William passed through, that I took my little Anna in my arms and made her kneel again with me by the dear body and thank our Heavenly Father for relieving him from his misery, for the joyful assurance that, through our blessed Redeemer, he had entered into life eternal, and implored his protecting care and pity for us who have yet to finish our course?"

We read here of devoted love to the earthly spouse and of deep love of God and trust in him. The soul of this earnest woman would seem to many persons to be very ripe in holiness, and yet, in little more than a year from that time, Eliza Seton had become a Catholic. Fresh from her husband's deathbed, and after watching beside another dying couch, that of her cherished sister-in-law Rebecca, she left deliberately the fold in which she had been reared, and where she had loved them, and taking a step which sundered her in her young widowhood from many friends, to whose love and sympathy she might otherwise have looked, she went straight onward to meet poverty and neglect on the one hand, but on the other that which was to her more than life or love of earth. Not without long and hard struggle did she attain to the rest which finally she won.

"I do not get on," she writes, "cannot cast the balance for the peace of this poor soul, but it suffers plenty, and the body too. I say daily, with great confidence of being one day heard, the 119th Psalm, never weary of repeating it and reading à Kempis, who, by the way, was a Catholic writer, and, as our Protestant preface says, 'wonderfully versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures;' and I read much, too, of St. Francis de Sales, so earnest for bringing all to the bosom of the Catholic Church, and I say to myself, 'Will I ever know better how to please God than they did?' and down I kneel to pour my tears to them, and beg them to obtain faith for me. Then I see faith is a gift of God, to be diligently sought and earnestly desired, and groan to him for it in silence, since our Saviour says I cannot come to him unless the Father draw me. As it is, by and by, I trust this storm will cease, how painful and often agonizing He only knows who can and will still it in his own good time. . . . In a desperation of heart I went last Sunday to St. George's (Protestant Episco-

pal) Church. The wants and necessities of my soul were so pressing that I looked straight up to God, and I told him, since I cannot see the way to please you whom alone I wish to please, everything is indifferent to me, and until you do show me the way you mean me to walk in, I will trudge on in the path you suffered mê to be born in, and go even to the very sacraments where I once used to find you. So away I went, my old Mary happy to take care of the children for me once more until I came back; but if I left the house a Protestant I returned to it a Catholic, I think, since I determined to go no more to the Protestants, being much more troubled than ever I thought I could be while I remembered God is my God. But so it was, that the bowing of my heart before the bishop to receive his absolution, which is given publicly and universally to all in the Church; I had not the least faith in his prayers, and looked for an apostolic loosing from my sins, which, by the books Mr. Hobart had given me to read, I find that they do not claim or admit; then trembling to communion, half dead with the inward struggle when they said 'the body and blood of Christ;' oh, no words for my trial! And I remember, in my old prayer-book of former edition, when I was a child, it was not, as now, said to be spiritually taken and received; however, to get thoughts away, I took the *Daily Exercise* of good Abbé Plunkett to read the prayers after communion, but finding every word addressed to our dear Saviour as really present, I became half crazy, and for the first time could not bear the sweet caresses of the darlings or bless their little dinner. Oh, my God, that day!"

At last her troubled mind found rest. "They tell me," she says, "take care, I am a mother, and my children I must answer for, whatever faith I lead them to. That being so, and I so unconscious, for I little thought, till told by Mr. Hobart, that their faith could be so full of consequence to them or me, I will go peaceably and firmly to the Catholic Church; for, if faith is so important to our salvation, I will seek it where true faith first began—seek it among those who received it from God himself. The controversies on it I am quite incapable of deciding; and as the strictest Protestant allows salvation to a good Catholic, to the Catholics I will go and try to be a good one. May God accept my intention and pity me! As to supposing the word of our Lord has failed, and that he has suffered his first foundation to be built on by Antichrist, I cannot stop on that without stopping on every other word of our Lord, and being tempted to be no Christian at all; for if the first church became Antichrist, and the second holds her rights from it, then I should be afraid both might be Antichrist, and I make my way to the bottomless pit by following either."

On the 14th of March, 1805, Mrs. Seton abjured Protestantism, and was received into the Catholic Church. This step brought upon her not only the opposition of her former friends, but estrangement from them. Left a widow with five children without sufficient support, she was now deprived of aid that would have been gladly given her had she remained an Episcopalian. But though she still had friends to assist her, she was unwilling to be wholly dependent on them, and, therefore, opened a boarding-house. In the course of the next year her young and dear sister-in-law, Cecilia Seton, when only fourteen years of age, became a Catholic in spite of all opposition; and for a time, while the displeasure of her relatives lasted, found a home with Mrs. Seton. But the heart of the latter was drawn to a higher life; it was her desire to place her sons at a Catholic college, and to be admitted herself with her daughters into

some convent where she might teach, and her children might be properly educated as Catholics. And now, in God's own way, simply and quietly, this true-hearted woman's vocation was marked out. Not as in the case of Mère Marie de la Providence, which we have linked with Mrs. Seton's, though that was God's own way also, did a voice speak first to the inmost soul, showing a new path, and shaping the life by strange events towards it. The Catholic Church was in its small beginning in the United States, and more than one of its faithful, hard-working priests knew of and cared for the brave convert to the faith who had left much to find all. Distinctly through their lips God revealed his will for her. She had planned to go to the nuns in Canada, but her plans were given up in the hope that she might do a greater work at home. Her advisers bade her "wait the manifestation of the divine will, the will of a Father most tender, who will not let go the child afraid to step alone." Greatly must her meek obedience have cheered them, proving to them her fitness for a work which would sustain their hands and the hands of their successors in many and many an hour of trial. "I have only to pray God," one wrote to her, "to bless your views and his, and to give you the grace to fulfil them for his greater glory. *You are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States*, and here you should remain in preference to any other location. For the rest, God has his moments which we must not seek to anticipate, and a prudent delay only brings to maturity the good desires which he awakes within us."

And so she gave herself to God to do what he should bid her do through the voice of his chosen servants upon whom his Spirit rested. It was a great work that lay before her; "the very idea," she says, "is enough to turn a stronger brain; but I know very well he sees differently from man, and as obedience is his favorite service and cannot lead me wrong, according to the old rules I look neither behind nor before, but straight upward without thinking of human calculations."

In 1808, with a view to the work which might be shaped out for her, she opened a small boarding-school in Baltimore, and then, one morning after receiving Holy Communion, she was impressed with a wish to give herself "to the care and instruction of poor female children, and to organize some plan for this purpose that might be continued even after her death." Circumstances combined to show that God's time was come; spiritual daughters desirous of the religious life gathered round Mrs. Seton; Emmettsburg, now so famous in the annals of the Catholic Church in this land, was selected as the place for the home of the great future work; a modification of the rule of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul was adopted for the community; and there until 1821 Mother Seton labored for the glory of the Lord, who had brought her into his one and only Church, and for the good of souls redeemed by his most precious blood.

She desired that her society should be completely affiliated with that of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in the Eastern hemisphere, and though this was not accomplished during her lifetime, it has taken place since her death, and the whole globe is belted with these white-helmeted ranks of consolation. The sick and the suffering know them well and love them; they are tender nurses to little children whose mothers own them not; they are found, fearless and calm, upon the battle-field, ministering to the wounded and the dying; plague-stricken cities know them as of the number of those who fear God and fear nothing else save sin; who love God, and for his sake love all for whom he died. Converts to the Church know them,

as they open hand and heart and peaceful chapel to bid the newcomers welcome. Men who mock at religion bow humbly and reverently before them. And they count among their holy dead some blood-stained martyrs who have met death in the heathen land at the heathen hand; they count among their living those who have been driven into exile because they stood firm to their duty and their God. This army of St. Vincent is known the wide world over. There is another world for which another noble band is spending its all.

In the year that closed the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and upon the great festival of the Annunciation, there was born in France a child who was, some thirty years later, to furnish a new order in the Church. Watching the life of Eugénie Smet, both in her childhood and young womanhood, who would have dreamed what the object of the order would be? Her home was happy, her parents were in easy circumstances, her health was good, she possessed talents, and the power of influencing those about her. Bereavement, so far as the loss of friends by death is concerned, seems to have been well-nigh an unknown thing to her until after her vocation was plainly marked out before her, and her work begun.

Early in life she was drawn to the religious state, but felt no special attraction to any of the existing orders. For a time she found scope for her holy activity and zeal in the performance of good works in her native place, and so important and useful did she become that for this reason, as well as severe neuralgic pains which after a time came upon her, she seemed precluded from the path which still allured her, though she could not tell in what direction. On the feast of All Souls, 1853, light shone out upon that path, and lo! it was one as yet untried, where her own brave feet must lead the way. This bright, keen-spirited girl, full of activity, and tenderly attached to her home, her family, her friends on this side the grave, was drawn by God away from all that living, visible, tangible affection, so precious to her, and bound as by an irresistible spell to the invisible realm of the dead, to the purgatory where earthly joys are as the veriest nothing to the holy souls whose one longing is to see the face of God.

She had from mere childhood felt a strange and strong attraction to them. On that All Souls' Day, which was as a turning-point in her life, "just after receiving our blessed Lord into her heart, and whilst she was renewing the consecration of her whole self and her whole life to the Divine Master whom she had deliberately chosen as the spouse of her soul, a thought passed through her mind. She said to herself, religious communities exist which answer every need of the Church militant on earth, but not a single one specially devoted to the relief of the suffering church in purgatory. Was she called, perhaps, to fill up that void?

"Startling are the first whispers of grace to a soul watching for God's leadings. The idea seemed too bold a one. She felt at once what it would involve, with that strange rapidity of thought which in an instant presents to the mind a whole series of consequences and considerations. She saw rising before her the old dread of a total separation from those she loved, the long array of obstacles, of oppositions, of reproaches, which meet even an ordinary vocation to the religious life; then the appearance of extravagance which the thought of founding a new order would bear, the scorn and ridicule it would excite in worldly persons, and the contempt with which even the good and wise would treat it; then, more dimly, a consciousness that those who might pledge themselves by vows to be victims for the

holy souls would have to bare their breasts, as it were, to every kind of suffering, spiritual and temporal. No use, she mentally exclaimed, this is going too far; it is not this that God wants of me."

But it was this that God wanted of her, and for this he gave her the will and the power. In Paris, in the year 1856, her work began. She began it smarting under the anguish of separation from her home; she began it poor in this world's goods and with her mind entirely in favor of not taking as part of the active religious works of her order any which could bring payment. She and her first companions tasted poverty's cup right swiftly. "Water has to be bought at Paris, as well as other things. These ladies had to limit themselves to a pennyworth a day of that necessary of life. Their shawls were turned at night into blankets. One chair was all the whole set of rooms had to boast of; the need of seats was supplied by the purchase of two narrow wooden benches. Eugénie's strength broke down, and her severe neuralgic pains returned with violence." But still the little band persevered, and well did the faith of the foundress testify to the fitness of her name in religion, Mère Marie de la Providence.

The pen pauses while thought busies itself with the wonderment as to what impression such a life as this makes upon men who utterly deny that prayers for the dead are of any use at all, and consider them as "Romish errors," or upon those who think of their dead as happy and safe in some middle land of peace, where a pious aspiration for their repose may follow them, but not by reason of any special need for prayer in which those souls may be placed before they can appear in the awful presence of him whose eyes are too pure to behold evil. They do not know the intensity of faith whereby the Church holds as an integral part of her communion a shadowy land of anguish, where her children suffer in meekest patience the just penalty of sins, nor do they know the intensity of love whereby she follows them thither, offering prayers and holy deeds and the tremendous sacrifices in their behalf. It might be well worth their while to ponder deeply upon the meaning of Mère Marie's life—upon God's visible manifestation of blessing on it—upon the exterior and interior holiness which characterized it. Is all this the sign of a mistaken belief?

According to Eugénie's ideas, we are told, an order devoted to the Holy Souls was to have nothing to do with means less absolutely directed to its end than works of mercy; it was to rely upon him who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, for the necessaries of life, of a life entirely devoted to poor sufferers on earth and the poor sufferers on the other side of the grave. But it was to be also a life which, in measure as it relieved the pains of others, seemed to accumulate them for its own in unison with him who carried our sorrows. The playful child, the "strong, healthy, high-spirited, and highly gifted girl" of Lille, was to taste before death every trouble that she dreaded most. She herself had said, "Amongst the things I was most afraid of—that did not involve a sin—there were five I particularly dreaded: to have to leave my family; to found the communistry; to have nothing to depend on for the support of my daughters; to get into debt; and to have a cancer. Well, by God's goodness every one of these has happened to me."

And to add to all other trials, France was a scene of torturing suspense and distress. On the 1st of November, 1870, Mère Marie writes: "The Commune is proclaimed, so they say. But I will not disquiet myself about anything. I rely on the Divine Heart of our Lord. He will take care of my poor daughters.

I am suffering martyrdom. This is as it should be. This is the proper way of celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of my first thought regarding my dearly loved souls in purgatory. Yes! on this day, just seventeen years ago, our Lord inspired me with the thought of founding this community. How many favors I have since received! And, if I had faith enough to feel it, what an immense mercy my sufferings are. To-day I feel as if I were on fire; my hands are burning. Jesus, I want nothing but that your will should be done. O Jesus, my master, let every pain be an act of love soliciting the deliverance of a soul in purgatory."

That was her life-thought. "We say every day in our office for the dead," such was her teaching, "sacrifice or oblation thou wouldst not, but thou hast given me a body. Then said I, 'Behold I come.' Yes, let us repeat, 'Lo, I come to work all my life by prayer, by suffering, and by action, for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory, and I come *for good and all*,'"

On All Souls' Day, 1870, when her bodily malady was like slow torture, she said in the evening, the clock having stopped, thus making her think, perhaps, of the long, sleepless night before her, "How unfortunate! we shall not hear the clock strike, and shall not be reminded to make the sign of the cross. I suffer for the souls in purgatory; that thought helps me to bear my illness. I can only satisfy my longing to help the souls that God loves by suffering for them. I believe that during seventeen years I have had no other thought than this. I love to help the souls in purgatory, for God's own glory is interested in their release. This is a time of grace," she said, "a time of expiation and of merit; we shall be very foolish if we let it pass without profiting by it, not for ourselves, but for the souls who expect so much from us."

How shall we cease to tell of her closing days? How choose from all that union of life in death with her Master's final anguish the portions to be inserted here? As she looked upon the blood flowing from the wound that was killing her, she used to exclaim, "My God, how glad I am to shed my blood for you! To accomplish your blessed will. Jesus on the cross suffered more than I do. O, will of God, will of God, these words give strength to bear everything."

"Even when crushed by bodily suffering, Mère Marie found strength in her ardent charity to direct, and even sometimes to prepare food with her own hands for the poor whom her nuns continued to visit amidst all the horrors of the siege. She used to send out every day soup to the sick, and watched over all the details connected with the relief of the wounded. December was marked by increasing pains and an increasing fervor of love, which struck all those who approached the voluntary victim of her devotion to the Holy Souls. On the festival she used to say, 'For me there are no feasts now but those of eternity; here I can do nothing but lose myself in the depths of God's will.' At the close of that terrible year of 1870, and the beginning of 1871, which opened amidst such dire calamities, she said to her spiritual children assembled round her bed: 'Cling to the Cross, our only hope. Life is short, eternity endless. Let us think only of eternity.' The doctor having pronounced that she might die at any moment, Père Olivaint proposed to her to receive extreme unction. She agreed to it with a joy that lighted up her dying face. After receiving the last sacrament, Mère Marie de la Providence accomplished the act which the rule enjoins upon all religious persons on their deathbed. She placed herself at the feet of all her sisters, and distinctly and earnestly, though some-

times interrupted by the difficulty of breathing, she humbly begged forgiveness for all her failings, and the faults by which she had scandalized or grieved them. Père Olivaint then said: 'It is time now to address your last recommendations to your daughters.' Upon which she made an effort to raise her voice, and uttered these words: 'Let them continually increase in zeal for the Holy Souls in purgatory, and in the spirit of their order; let the houses of China, Nantes, Brussels, and Paris, be one in heart and soul.' 'And all the future foundations also,' Père Olivaint added, with a kindly smile. 'Charity, that is what I recommend,' the dying founder ejaculated; and her director, who was well acquainted with her thoughts, added, 'And the interior spirit, without which there can be no true religion, and, indeed, no Christian life.' From that day to the 6th of February, the era of her death, Mère Marie received the Blessed Sacrament every day. The 19th of January was the anniversary of the foundation of the community. On that day she said: 'Almighty God has showered blessings on our society; it is right I should suffer a great deal. . . . Oh, if you did but know what I feel—that it is entirely his work, and not mine! He has chosen the most wretched of instruments to effect his purpose. Blessed be God!' To the end her mind remained perfectly clear, and pious ejaculations rose to her lips, especially the words 'Jesus, eternal joy of the saints!' 'It is strange,' she remarked, 'how continually present to me are those words.' The cry of our Blessed Lord's agony was also ever bursting from her heart. 'I can no longer pray, or even listen to prayer,' she often said, 'but I can still say *Fiat;*' and with the rosary of the Curé d'Ars in her hands, she repeated on every bead, 'Jesus, *fiat.*' "*

We have recorded certain trials which she had dreaded, and which had all befallen her. She had truly dreaded them, but it is to be borne in mind that she had not asked to escape them. One thing, however, she had asked, "to die well prepared, without any definite expectation of her decease, yet immediately after receiving absolution." And as was often the case in her life of dependence upon God's providence, the answer came signally to her earnest prayer. On the seventh of February she made confession and received absolution, but without a sign that she thought her death imminent. After that absolution she did not speak again, but slept peacefully, and from that sleep, without another word, she passed peacefully into the sleep of death.

She had said once, "You ask my idea of heaven. It is love! love! love! On earth we can love deeply, indeed, but our hearts are always crying out that they cannot love enough. In heaven it will not be so. Our love will then be without limit, because we shall love God purely, and our hearts are made for him."

She had said also, "We often make acts of faith, hope, and charity, but it does not often occur to us to make acts of joy. And yet it would be very pleasing to God if, for instance, we sometimes said to him, *My God, how glad I am that I belong to you.*"

When for that heart of love a bar against sin or fault or imperfection was forever placed by death, may not its first act have been to cry, "My God, how glad I am that I belong to you?" Or was this soul, that had given its all for the holy souls, allowed to enter purgatory—not to suffer—but by a special grace of God

* In 1870 she began to use (writes one of her nuns) what she called her "spiritual chloroform." This was the constant repetition on the beads of the Curé d'Ars of the words, *Fiat Jesus.* We used to hear her continually reiterating this devotion. The spirit of her whole life was in that prayer. Rapid were the strides of the terrible disease which was hurrying her to the grave. She kept it a secret as long as possible; only a few intimate friends knew of its existence. *She used to call it her hidden treasure.*

to take home with her joyously a happy company of those for whom she had lived on earth, with them to gain the blessed vision of God's face forever, with them forever to "love, love, love?"

It is peculiarly natural to follow Mère Marie after death, for her life had been spent in and for purgatory during seventeen years here.

Judged by the narrative before us, it was a singularly simple life. This spiritual mother left but four foundations of her order—in Paris, in Nantes, in Brussels, in China. Another has been gained since her death for England. As yet the seed is small compared with what Mother Barat in her long lifetime sowed. But what it will be as it becomes more widely known one may prayerfully and lovingly fancy, not so much measuring its future growth by the thousands of aching or broken hearts that mourn their dead, as by the desire for reparation which shall one day waken in lands that, casting away the Catholic faith, have cast off with it the very thought of a middle state of sufferings, and have dared to rob the dead of what pious souls had left to be a perpetual memorial to mankind to intercede for them.

When that day comes in England, a day which, viewed by the dying prophecy of King Edward the Confessor, may not be far distant, when she shall once more be Catholic, what myriad souls shall find themselves with the heroic act of charity, how many descendants of the men who wrought three hundred years ago the awful deformation of England shall vow themselves to a lifelong reparation in the order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls!

God's own glory is interested in their release.

God's glory—what but this is the key to the mystery of vocation? Where human wisdom would have called a bereaved and aching heart to found an order for their dead, God turned to his glory in this respect a life marked by sunshine and buoyancy. And he chose a bereaved widow, from whom parents and husband and sister had one by one been taken, to found in the Western world a great branch of those Sisters of Charity whose life and works are peculiarly characterized by the active spirit of their first founder, St. Vincent de Paul. How should it make us distrust our own judgment and our own will, and be content with that will of Gôd, which meekly accepted, gives indeed the strength to bear everything!

TO-DAY.

Let dotards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track:
I cannot join in mourning time
For ever passed away;
For whilst I look on Nature's book
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in primal vigor seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the selfsame song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is "God is here to-day!"

There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me:
The bleakest wind that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice;
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice;
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed for aye,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy;
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy:
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.

Oh ye whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust,
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust,
Discard a false unmanly thrall,
Nor own so weak a sway,
But hope in Him who gave you all,
And thank Him for to-day!

A PLEA FOR PLAIN HISTORY.

The reader will soon discover that I advance but few pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, and which I have had the temerity to call the philosophy of romance. It is the privilege of the novelist to be always acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and character he delineates; but the writer of history can know no more than his authorities have disclosed, or the facts themselves necessarily suggest. If he indulge his imagination, if he pretend to detect the hidden springs of every action, the real origin of every event, he may embellish his narrative, but he will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself. Much research and experience may perhaps have entitled me to form an opinion; and I have little hesitation in saying that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. They may display great acuteness of investigation and a profound knowledge of the human heart, but little reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements. In their eagerness to establish some favorite theory they are apt to overlook every troublesome or adverse authority, to distort facts in order to form a foundation for their system, and to borrow from their own fancy whatever may be wanting for its support and embellishment.—*Dr. Lingard's Preface to History of England.*

In view on the one hand of the above weighty and well-considered words, and on the other hand of the performances at the present day of the historical muse, we cannot avoid asking ourselves the question whether the writing of history be not likely to become as much a lost art as architecture or even as logic itself. For who among contemporary historians—who at least that aims at being "popular," and attaining that circulation which is its own reward—but does and must do the very thing which a grave and capable authority thus strongly deprecates?

For mere facts our public has ceased to care, nor does it employ historians to provide it with such dry and Spartan fare. Their business is to cook the facts; to chop them up; to season them scientifically; to serve them up highly spiced to tickle the public palate. Above all, they have to save the public mind from the disagreeable process of thought. That same mixture of shallow culture, ambitious to know everything, and of mental indolence, unwilling to work at anything, by virtue of which we allow reviewers to persuade us that we admire poetry which no mortal man can understand, brings it likewise about that men should have very strong and very combative opinions respecting all historical problems, from the origin of the Athanasian Creed to the guilt of Mary Queen of Scots, while with the bare outline of the facts involved they have not even a decent acquaintance.

But it is not with the recipient public that we are now concerned; not with those who cry for food, but with those who put it into their mouths; not with the consumer, but with the producer. And in speaking of this producing class the fact we assert seems not to need proof. Historians nowadays are expected to be "philosophical," and "philosophical" they are. They do not even think of presenting us with facts as facts and inferences as inferences, or of confining themselves to what they find recorded. To read character, to detect and lay bare its inmost recesses and hidden springs, to penetrate from the fact on the surface to the motive beneath, to tell us not only the "what" but the "why," and the why not objective only, but subjective as well—this is their task, and it is only on the strength of supposed fitness for this task that they occupy the position which they have.

They are taken, in other words, as historical experts who from much

familiarity with the subject have acquired eyes to see what others cannot see, and a right in consequence to interpret for their less practiced brethren that which the said brethren have not the means of understanding for themselves.

Now it is doubtless true that within certain limits this claim is reasonable. It is true that, as an African explorer or an excavator of catacombs, so also a seeker among records and archives has a right to a hearing and must have a special authority when he speaks on matters within the limits of his researches. This is true; and it is true besides that he will acquire by his experience such a knowledge of the tract in which he works as to be able to take short cuts where others must go round-about, and to recognize his bearings by landmarks which for others have no meaning.

This we allow, but we can allow him no more, and our present task is to protest against the other functions which they who call themselves historians affect to discharge, functions which we hold with Dr. Lingard to be dangerous and absurd. As to argument on the subject, his admirable remarks might suffice; but we will observe two things in addition. First, that with all our telegraphs and all our correspondents we find it quite impossible to master the right and the wrong, the why and the wherefore, of history in progress at this moment with half the confidence and security with which historical sleight of hand affects to clothe its interpretation of the dim records of the middle ages; and second, that while historical clairvoyance reads glibly off for us the character and motives of men of other centuries, no one of us can do the same for his most intimate living friend.

Our thesis, then, is this: the historian is a man of facts, and he who ceases to be a man of facts ceases, so far, to be an historian. He may use his acquired knowledge to arrange and to co ordinate facts or to argue from them, but he must let us know how much is fact or record and how much inference. He may think that a chronicle betrays a leaning or that a recorded action suggests a motive, and he may tell us so. But if he undertakes to assert simply as a piece of history that the writer wrote as he did because of that leaning, or that the subject of his history did what he did because of that motive, he is as much a charlatan as the magician who undertakes to find a spring by the divining rod, or the astrologer who casts a horoscope according to the stars.

This thesis we do not propose to argue *a priori*. We will take some specimens of recent "history," and in their presence ask the common sense of readers to say how far they deserve the name.

Mr. James Anthony Froude has been engaged these last few months in telling the British public and the world at large what they are to think of St. Thomas of Canterbury, or as he curtly styles him "Thomas Becket." Those who know anything of this author's method will not need to be told that his tale is entirely made up of those elements which we wish to see eliminated. Motives, objects, influences, are run off the reel for us from the beginning of the complex narrative even to the end. Reasons are given to explain facts, and when that will not do, reasons are given to explain facts away, and the reasons in the one case as in the other are given quite as peremptorily and categorically as the facts.

We have heard of an Italian who being drawn to serve in the army of his united country was saved from the disagreeable honor by the characteristic intervention of an interested official. It was this man's duty to test the conscript's eyes by handing him various kinds of

spectacles and asking him as he put each on how things looked to him through them. As, however, he at the same time added how they ought to look if he wished to have his eyes judged worthless for military purposes, it was not hard to arrive at a prosperous conclusion. Some such part does Mr. Froude undertake for our benefit. We must never see the text without his gloss; never be suffered to look at a fact till we have heard from him what we are to find there. He never for an instant hints it as conceivable that what he finds there may not be there at all. Nay, he seems explicitly to accept or to claim that very character of a reader of hidden things against which we are arguing. "Motives," he tells us,* "which in one age are languid and even unintelligible, have been in another alive and all-powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his *imagination*, to keep them present before him *as the key to what he reads*, is the chief difficulty *and the chief duty* of the student of history."†

Now for a few samples of the manner in which this difficulty has been met and this duty accomplished.‡ We take them almost at random.

St. Thomas, as is well known, when he became Archbishop, insisted, to the King's displeasure, on resigning his chancellorship. This is the fact. Now for the philosophy.

"As Chancellor, he had been at the head of the State under the King. As Archbishop in the name of the Church *he intended* to be head both of State and King; to place the Pope, and himself as the Pope's Legate, in the place of God's vicegerents. When he found it written that 'by me Kings reign and princes decree judgment,' *he appropriated the language to himself*, and his *single aim* was to convert the words *thus construed* into reality. The first public *intimation* which he gave *of his intentions* was the resignation of the chancellorship,"* and to make assurance doubly sure, this account of the matter is backed up by another idea equally philosophical, but as to the proof which is vouchsafed utterly childish, that he wished to avoid an audit of his accounts, in which Mr. Froude pronounces that "he was wise."†

Again, when ruptures began between King and Primate, and when the Pope urged the latter to keep within the laws of the realm, the fact is thus set forth:

"Alexander *had no liking* for Becket. He had known him long and *had no faith* in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. . . . On the spot he dispatched a Legate," etc.‡

Presumably, Alexander confided these motives to Mr. Froude, for he seems never to have intrusted them to any one else.

Again, the same Pontiff, who, as seems to common eyes, did his best to find a middle course which, without sacrifice of principle, should not exasperate the King, is thus depicted for his pains by the keener glance of the philosopher:

"Harassed on both sides, *knowing perfectly well* on which side good sense and justice lay, yet *not daring* to declare Becket wrong and accept what after all that had passed *would be construed* into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate Alexander drifted on."§

The side of good sense and justice

* Nineteenth Century, June, 1877, p. 549. The italics here and throughout these citations are ours.

† More than this, he seems elsewhere naively to admit the force of the very impeachment which we are attempting to urge. He writes in the same series of papers (October, p. 393): "In that distant century, when the general history is but outline, and the colors are dim and the lights and shadows fall *where modern imagination chooses to cast them.*" But this is a stray seed of truth falling by the wayside and not bearing any fruit.

‡ It is no part of our present object to point out misrepresentations of fact, and in dealing with Mr. Froude the task would be endless. We are engaged with the system only on which such history is constructed, and with that which serves to illustrate the system.

* Nineteenth Century, July, p. 843.
† Ibid., p. 844. ‡ Ibid., p. 847.
§ Ibid., September, p. 223.

being, it is needless to observe, the side of the historian, and the only ground for asserting that the Pope saw it to be so, being that the same authority judges that he ought to have so seen it.

Not to multiply examples, we take another from the finale of the history.

We all know the fact of the tremendous revulsion of feeling caused by the Archbishop's murder, the triumph of his cause, and the penitence of the King. We also know that contemporary writers assert in terms the most explicit, that miracles were wrought by his relics or over his tomb, of which they, the writers, were eye-witnesses. Now let us treat these facts philosophically.

"Martyr for the Church of Christ or turbulent incendiary justly punished? . . . That was the alternative that lay before the Christian world. . . . Benedict of Canterbury. . . . relates the influences *by which alone the popular verdict was decided* in the Archbishop's favor." Mr. Froude goes on to tell us that "miracles come when they are needed." But he considerately adds that "they come not of fraud, but of an impassioned credulity, which creates what it is determined to find."

And having thus made clear the principle, he is ready to descend into the region of "facts."

"In the eyes of Europe the cause for which Becket fell was the cause of sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense. *Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately* generating supernatural evidence. . . . *Either the laws of nature were suspended*, or for the four years which followed his death *the power and the wish were gone* to distinguish truth from falsehood.* The most ordinary events *were transfigured.* That version of any story *was held to be the truest* which gave most honor to the martyr. . . . The monks sought their pallets *with one thought in the minds of all of them.* Was the Archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide."

And the way being thus scientifically made straight, the vision which one of these monks relates himself to have seen can be safely introduced.

And the writer who can put this down as history is described as our most illustrious living historian.

But it is not with particular examples that we are mainly concerned. We are attacking the system which underlies such histories, be they right or wrong in their particular conclusions. Our protest is against the pretension of a writer to do what cannot possibly be done: to lay down in this manner motives and causes which neither are recorded, nor which "the facts themselves necessarily suggest."

Now in the matter of St. Thomas we have seen what, on Mr. Froude's showing, were the unmistakable merits of the case. His was "the cause of sacerdotalism" as against "the prosaic virtues of *justice* and common sense." And it was this plainly and broadly "in the eyes of Europe," so that no one, we presume, who knows anything of the facts could hesitate thus to esteem it. More than this, Becket was seeking to usurp a power not justly his. It was an "encroachment."* If he were right, "then kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops."† He sought to secure, "not the purity of the Church, but the privilege and supremacy of the Church:"‡ the King, "always moderate"§ (Henry the Second), was moved to action only by the clear evidence which the Archbishop forced upon him, that *justice* was to be withheld in the case

* In which latter case it certainly is clear that the task must needs devolve upon some other century, such as ours, of making a history for the twelfth which it was obviously quite incapable of supplying for itself.

* Nineteenth Century, June, p. 548.
† Ibid., July, p. 847. ‡ Ibid., p. 843.
§ Ibid., p. 846.

of clerics, and that "they might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them."

In fact it is abundantly made evident that the case of the Monarch against the Prelate was that of justice against injustice.

But while this is so, it is a little puzzling to a reader accustomed to take his explanations as well as his facts on trust, to find that the same facts have suggested another quite opposite, albeit presumably quite as philosophical a judgment. What is a plain man to think if, after what we have just given, he stumble across the following?

"Times were changed in England since the Second Henry walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury. . . . The clergy had won the battle *then* because *they deserved to win it.* They were not free from fault and weakness, but *they felt the meaning of their profession.* Their hearts were in their vows, their authority was exercised *more justly*, more nobly than the authority of the crown; and, therefore, *with inevitable justice*, the crown was compelled to stoop before them."

And assuredly the bewilderment does not grow less on finding that this latter account, no less than the former, comes from the pen of Mr. James Anthony Froude. The one he gave to the world in the year 1856 in his *History of England*,* the other this year in the pages of a Review. History has been changed between these dates because Mr. Froude has changed his spectacles. One thing seems clear. If now he is teaching us history, then twenty years ago he was perverting its most obvious lessons. If, in 1856, he was speaking with any authority, then is he a slanderer in 1877. And surely the historical method which leads to such awkward dilemmas can hardly commend itself to sober common sense.

But Mr. Froude is, after all, for us but an example to illustrate an evil which influences writers far more worthy of our consideration than is that unscrupulous partisan. We must enter our protest in the remainder of this paper against what of the same evil system we find in the work of an historian who has obtained, and to a great extent most deservedly obtained, an exceptionally wide hold on the public mind,—Mr. John Richard Green.

In some respects, indeed, Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* is a yet more striking instance of the bad system we deprecate than is even anything of Mr. Froude's. The latter does, at least, give us references and notes, and the notes occasionally flatly contradict for us the text to which they are appended. The former, after a very general indication of "authorities," presents to us all the substance of his volume purely on his own *ipse dixit.*

And some few circumstances cannot but suggest to our minds a doubt as to whether that authority be always truly philosophical. First, as to the selection of authorities. In his seventh chapter on the Reformation we read as follows:

"The main authority . . . is Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.* In spite of *endless errors* of Puritan prejudices and *deliberate suppressions of the truth* . . . its mass of *facts and wonderful charm of style* will always give a *great importance* to the work of Foxe."

In the name of sober history, what is this? What is the meaning of *facts* in conjunction with the name of a witness who is acknowledged to be not only deceived, but deceiving? What does it matter as to his historical credibility whether he lie picturesquely or ungracefully? What sort of a view of his duties can that historian have who can thus naively introduce a "main authority?"

But we pass from authorities to the use of the same, and with one instance thereof we shall be content.

* Vol. i, p. 81.

We take the instance of Sir Thomas More.

In Mr. Green's treatment of More's history there seems to be portrayed in brief all the evil which follows from the adoption of the philosophical method of historiography.

The philosophical historian must trace events to their causes, and the actions of men to their motives. He must, therefore, to a great extent, forget the individuality of men to manœuvre them like puppets in platoons. He considers them as spokes of a wheel—members of a party following its evolutions—and their individual history as being explicable primarily through it. In More's case the party in question is that of the "New Learning."

Given the fact that More and Fisher were friends of Colet and Erasmus, and that Erasmus was a stepping-stone to the Reformation, it becomes abundantly clear that the Chancellor and the Bishop must have been some time or other near the Reformation too. The drama for the purposes of the picturesquely philosophical historian must be constructed on broad lines easily followed by the eye of the audience, just as a scene-painter must deal in bold strokes. That More while delighting in the new fields of human learning which the "Renascence" (as Mr. Green calls it) opened for him, still believed as firmly as his forefathers in those sacred truths for the divinity of which he wrote and died—is an explanation of facts too petty, not sufficiently scientific, for the needs of the modern mind. Instead of this, we are invited to believe that men of the "New Learning" throughout Europe formed a quasi-homogeneous whole, or at least that their minds manœuvred together with the regularity of a flock of plover. Their principles were common, though local circumstances might give various developments to those principles. In Italy the New Learning was more "literary," more "largely human;" in England "more moral, more religious, more practical in its bearings, both upon society and politics."* Accordingly all these men of the New Learning, from More to Erasmus, were at one in their general aims, moral, religious, and practical, which aims the said New Learning evinced by steadily backing† the cause of the Reformation. What then turned the particular man of this body with whom is our present concern, against—and so very decidedly against—the cause which he was so prepared to befriend? Not any weak and antiquated ideas of the truth of one Creed as opposed to another, but the extremely un-new-learned character of Luther's reply to Henry the Eighth.

"To More especially, with his keener perception of its future effect, this sudden revival of a *purely theological and dogmatic spirit*, severing Christendom into warring camps, and annihilating all hopes of union and tolerance, was especially hateful. The temper which hitherto had seemed 'endearing, gentle, and happy,' suddenly gave way."‡ So great in fact was the shock that he forgot the New Learning himself. "His answer to Luther's attack upon the King sank to the level of the work it answered."§ Nay, so extraordinary was the revulsion of his feelings at seeing dogma thus survive, that under its influence he went and laid his head on the block for the sake of dogma.

Now we are not so much concerned in arguing that such an account is puerile and ridiculous, as in pointing out that such stuff is the necessary product of the "philosophical" writing of history.

Where explanations have to be given of everything they must be found, and as they are not generally found ready to hand they have to be

* Short History of the English People, p. 298.
† P. 315. ‡ P. 319. § P. 316.

made. The manufacture is an interesting process, and in these days may almost claim rank as a fine art. We are far from saying that there is always or even generally deliberate unfairness on the part of the manufacturer, but we remember Dr. Lingard's phrase about the writer who "will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself." We find a good instance of our meaning in the materials to support his view of his character which Mr. Green brings from More's *Utopia*.

This "wonderful book," Mr. Green tells us,* "reveals to us the heart of the New Learning." In the kingdom of "Nowhere" (as he rather affectedly translates the title)† the "humorist philosopher" found realized by "the mere efforts of natural human virtue these ends of security, brotherhood, and freedom for which the very institution of society seemed to have been framed," in contrast to "a world where fifteen hundred years of Christian teaching had produced social injustice, religious intolerance, and political tyranny."‡

"From Christendom More turned with a smile to 'Nowhere.' In 'Nowhere' the aim of legislation is to secure the welfare, social, industrial, intellectual, religious, of the community at large." And amongst these topics, "his treatment of the religious question" was in a special manner in advance of his age. "The religion of 'Nowhere' was in marked contrast with the faith of Christendom. It rested simply on nature and reason . . . Christianity indeed had already reached Utopia, but it had few priests; religion found its centre rather in the family than in the congregation. . . . More than a century before William of Orange, More discerned and proclaimed the great principle of religious toleration."*

For our own part we must confess to a very uncomfortable qualm within our soul as to the reliance to be placed on the exposition of authorities and documents unknown to us when we find this treatment of one that we know. To put it broadly, we conceive it to be impossible more utterly to travesty More's scope and teaching in this celebrated work.

For if this account is worth anything at all it means that Sir Thomas More meant the *Utopia* to be, as is here represented, a picture of a state of things which he considers to be ideal, or at least to be far better than the state of things in Christendom. But reading the work itself, can we think that he so meant it?

For in the first place, he himself tells us exactly the opposite. After hearing the narrative of Raphael the traveller, who describes the unknown island and its inhabitants, the author adds:† "Many things occurred to me both concerning the manners and laws of that people that seemed *very absurd*, as well in their way of making war as in their notions of religion and divine matters." And, indeed, for an ordinary unphilosophical reader this piece of information could hardly be needed, seeing that the chief point in Utopian warfare was to bribe subjects to assassinate their leaders, and leaders to betray their trust, while in religion they are remarkably free, "some of them worshipping the sun, others the moon or one of the planets," and some "such men as have been eminent in former times for virtue or glory, not only as ordinary deities, but as the Supreme God."

In fact, the attempt to fasten on More as serious proposals what he thus playfully imagines, would land his character in some very questionable embarrassments. For to say

* Short History of the English People, p. 310.

† Utopia, according to More, is named after King "Utopus that conquered it." We should think that the king's name rather than that of the island is rightly translated by Mr. Green.

‡ P. 311.

* Short History of the English People, pp. 311, 313.

† We quote throughout from Bishop Burnet's translation.

nothing of the very extraordinary preliminaries of Utopian marriage, and the absolute communism which is the chief point of their "Commonwealth," what should we think of the man who chose the profession of the law, and submitted to be made High Chancellor after making his ideal people "have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters and to wrest the laws?"

But the capital error of Mr. Green's account is his mention of Christianity. According to that account More cannot have been a Christian at all, but preferred the religion of "nature and reason." Rather an unsatisfactory account of a man who died rather than give up the Pope.

In fact, the supposition that any contrast (any religious contrast, at all events) was intended between Christendom and Utopia simply destroys all the moral which the work was meant to point. The people he undertook to depict was a people in the mere light of reason as opposed to one that possessed revelation. Forget that point, and the sense of the work disappears. But neither in the character of Raphael the traveller nor in his own does More for a moment allow us to think that he ever doubted this reason without revelation to be comparative darkness. He makes Raphael say, "After they had heard from me an account of Christianity it is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it. I shall not determine whether this proceeded from any secret inspiration of God or whether it was because it seemed so favorable to the community of goods which is an opinion so dear to them. . . . . Many of them were initiated by baptism. But . . . none of us that survived were in priest's orders; we therefore could only baptize them, so that to our great regret they could not partake of the other sacraments that can only be administered by priests. But they are instructed concerning them, and long most vehemently for them." Unmistakable enough this might fairly seem. But having thus spoken through the mouth of Raphael, and in the terms already quoted, from his own concluding remarks concerning the absurdity of Utopian views of religion and things divine, More thus in this prefatory letter to Peter Giles, precludes all possible error as to his sentiments. He therein expresses anxiety to know something more about the latitude and longitude of the island. He cannot at present let his readers know in what sea it lies. "There are some among us," he says, "that have a mighty desire to go thither, and in particular, one pious divine is very earnest upon it, not so much out of a vain curiosity . . . . as that he may advance our religion which is so happily begun to be planted there, and that he may do this regularly he intends to procure a mission from the Pope, and to be sent thither as their bishop. . . . He desires it only as the means of advancing the Christian religion, and not for any honor or advantage that may accrue to himself."

Now, finding as we do that the book thus strangely misunderstood is named at the head of the chapter on the "New Learning" amongst the authorities for the history about to be given, nay, more, as the "typical book of the Revival," have we not a right to plead that even in the hands of a scholar such as Mr. Green, the philosophical system of history is a bad and a dangerous one? We must refrain from seeking further examples to back our plea; but surely what we have given is enough. Not only in the case of deliberate unfairness, but by the very nature of things, and by the weaknesses of our nature, the task which our historian undertakes will never be fulfilled.

We believe, as we said at the outset, that the demand for histories of

the kind we have described is a bad sign for public taste. Such food is the food of children, not of men. That student of history does not profit by his learning who is content to take an author's conclusions without knowing that author's grounds. There should be chapter and verse for every assertion, and full data for every inference. So long as people flatter themselves that they are studying history when they are not supplied with this, so long as they are content indolently to swallow the dicta of a master with closed eyes, so long will history be a delusion and a snare.

DISHONORED.

I.

On the evening of Sunday, the 30th of October, in the year 1792, a hackney coach conveyed a party of four persons, with a small quantity of baggage, from Billingsgate Wharf to a distant part of London. The weather was wet and cold, and, as the coach slowly labored through the foggy, deserted streets, the great city presented an unusually cheerless aspect. But had it been ten times more dismal, the travellers would have uttered no complaint; for they had arrived, at last, in a place of safety, and the sense of security outweighed, for the moment, every other consideration. The perils of a stormy passage from Dunkirk on board a crazy, ill-found smack, had been their latest discomfort; but the sea-risk was nothing in their estimation to the dangers which they had left behind. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is explained that they were refugees from Paris at a moment when, frightful as recent events had been, the prospect of the future was even yet more terrible. Glad enough, then, they were to find themselves in a place which was not only a present asylum, but, to one of their number, the haven towards which his hopes had long been directed.

This person was Monsieur Morin, the head of the party, a gentleman some fifty years of age. His companions were his daughter, Adelaide, a beautiful girl, just turned of nineteen; her old bonne, Marguérite, more housekeeper than nurse, more family friend than either; and a middle-aged, confidential man-servant, whose name was Louis.

Monsieur Morin was no stranger in London, and, what was then a rare accomplishment, could speak a little English, enough to enable the hackney coachman to understand whither he wished to be driven, and to prevent the Jehu from charging very much more than double the proper fare, when, the wearisome journey at an end, the vehicle stopped at the door of a moderately sized house in a respectable portion of the town.

It appeared that Monsieur Morin was expected, servants being in readiness, fires burning, and other preparations made for the reception of himself and family. The trim appearance of the house, the size and disposition of the rooms, rising in five pairs from basement to attic, the scanty hall and narrow staircase, offered a striking contrast to the home which Adelaide had quitted in the Rue de Mirabeau, where every-

thing was large, lofty, and en suite. But if her new abode seemed strange to her unaccustomed eyes, it was at least free from painful associations, and, after the scenes she had lately witnessed, any place out of Paris was welcome. The house, in fact, was only small by comparison.

Early on the morning after his arrival, Monsieur Morin went from home. Besides the removal of certain effects from the vessel in which he came from France, he had affairs of importance to transact. The nature of his own occupations in Paris had long connected him with a London firm, the founder of which was a fellow-countryman, named Devaux, and to his place of business in the city Monsieur Morin at once proceeded. A painful surprise awaited him. Greatly to his sorrow, he learned that the head of the house had died only ten days before, after a brief illness.

"Mr. Richard Devaux, the only son, sir," whispered the clerk who gave this information, "is now our principal. Our late Mr. Devaux was buried on Saturday, and to-day is Mr. Richard's first appearance here since his father's death. But he takes to it, sir; he takes to it. O yes, sir, he will see you, no doubt. Who shall I say, sir?"

Richard Devaux was a short, thick-set young man, apparently about five-and-twenty, with a colorless cheek, thin lips, and dark, restless eyes. At Monsieur Morin's entrance he rose from a table, on which several folios were lying open, and came to meet him.

"Monsieur Morin, of the Rue de Mirabeau?" he said in a low voice.

"The same, sir. The correspondent of your house, and the old friend of your father."

They shook hands, and there was silence between them for a few moments, each apparently occupied with the past. Monsieur Morin was the first to speak.

"I grieve, sir," he said, "to trespass on your attention so soon after your sad bereavement; had I known of your recent loss I would have deferred my visit till you were better prepared to receive me."

"It does not matter," replied Richard Devaux. "A day sooner or later, when the worst is over, is of no consequence. You perceive," he added, pointing to the books before him, "that I have already begun to distract my thoughts by application to business."

"You are right," returned Monsieur Morin. "I, too, find my only relief in active pursuits. But for them my mind would sink altogether, when I contemplate the position of my unhappy country."

"Are affairs, then, so much worse in France? Forgive me, sir, for asking the question, but the last few weeks have been for me a perfect blank."

"I can well understand it," said Monsieur Morin, again pressing the young man's hand. "Yes," he resumed, "everything hastens from bad to worse, and this will be the case till the very worst arrives."

"The worst?" repeated Richard Devaux, with an inquiring look.

"Unless our efforts can prevent it. The horrors of September have reached your ears?"

"All the world shudders at them. Can anything more terrible befall?"

"Every day the hand of murder strikes down a nobler victim; every day witnesses a bolder and bloodier tyranny. All soon will be anarchy. The King is already accused before the Convention. That was the natural consequence of the infamous decree by which royalty was abolished in France. See, then, what hope we have of the future, unless we find it here!"

"And is that, sir, your only expectation?"

"I fear it. Everywhere on the continent the armies of the Revolution triumph. And this brings me to the object of my present visit.

The sums which have been deposited with your house must shortly be made useful to our cause. You are aware of the extent of my transactions in this respect with your late honored father."

"Not entirely, sir, for my father kept those accounts under his sole supervision. It was only this morning, for the first time, that I have had access to the volume in which they are entered. It is one that has been kept apart for that especial purpose."

"I have some large additions to make," continued Monsieur Morin. "I waited to the last to collect all I could, as well of my own capital as of that which I was empowered to raise."

"And have you finally left Paris?"

"Alas, yes, till better times, should we ever behold them, arrive."

"Well, sir," said Richard Devaux, after a short pause, "whatever amounts you are prepared to lodge with us shall be held in trust—or, as we bankers say, at call—till you require them. I am, moreover, quite at your service whenever you wish to go through the accounts. My poor father's principles are mine, political as well as commercial. You may rest assured that what he would have done I shall ever faithfully perform. This is not only a duty I owe to his memory, but a tribute of my own personal respect for yourself."

Monsieur Morin was gratified to hear Richard Devaux speak in this wise, and they parted on the friendliest terms, after the refugee had entered into some further explanation of his present position, which ended by an invitation to the young banker to come and see him. An intimacy consequently arose, and after the first visit paid by Richard Devaux to Monsieur Morin's house, there was no necessity for pressing its repetition.

II.

A NEW kind of existence had now opened before Richard Devaux, which, situated as he was, possessed a peculiar attraction. His father had been one of those men who, beginning their career with nothing, never lose sight of the possibility of being, by some capricious stroke of fortune, again reduced to nothing. Prudence, therefore, guided him from the outset of his life to its close. All his thoughts were directed to the establishment of his house on the surest foundation, and to acquire the reputation of being safe, while he silently increased his wealth, was the great object of his ambition. He labored hard also to impress his son with his own views, and, to carry them into effect, compelled his closest attention to business. Never relaxing from personal toil, not even during the illness which ended fatally, he permitted no relaxation on the part of others, and thus it happened that Richard Devaux knew nothing of the pleasures of society. Home, in its best sense, he had none, his mother having died while he was yet a child without increasing the family, and he was left to the training of his father alone. A good training it was for creating a mere money-making machine; but as men, after all, are not machines, but have senses, affections, passions, and as these were for the most part overlooked by the elder Devaux in his desire to make his son a model of commercial respectability, it is not altogether surprising that the experiment should fail. Richard Devaux devoted himself to his father's pursuits, as long as he lived, with all the earnestness the old man could desire, being reconciled to what was in reality a sacrifice by an ardent love of money. There was, however, this difference between father and son: the former would rather have witnessed the utter downfall of his house than have sustained it by any course not strictly honest; the latter was less scrupulous.

Instructed in Monsieur Morin's reasons for leaving France at that particular crisis, Richard Devaux

foresaw many material advantages, and anticipated great personal gratification from being admitted to the counsels, and enjoying the society of his father's friend. He certainly was not disappointed in the last-named expectation. Monsieur Morin was a person of extensive information, who had mixed largely with the world, untainted by its vices, yet familiar with its failings, and master of many of its secrets. His powers of observation were rapid, his instincts true, and his judgments seldom wrong. The defect in his character, if defect it were, was a natural tendency, and which no experience could correct, to put implicit trust in all men's honor. The first article of his creed, both social and political, was truth; if difficulties arose from being too outspoken, they must be conquered in fair fight.

Richard Devaux was, perhaps, no worshipper of abstract virtue; but he was fain to pay respect to the qualities which were conspicuous in Monsieur Morin, and the sentiments he uttered were as much to the purpose as if the sincerest conviction had prompted them. The atmosphere, moreover, in which he now lived, allowed but of one mode of thinking, or at all events, but of one form of expression. The friends who gathered round Monsieur Morin immediately on his arrival in London, however opposed in many respects, had one common bond of union. They were banded together for one high purpose. The object of the meetings held at Monsieur Morin's house was to effect a combination of emigrant wealth and energy, for restoring France to her former condition.

No sudden impulse had caused this movement, although it was urged to more immediate action by the present danger of the King. Without belonging to the noble class, Monsieur Morin was thoroughly identified with all its interests, or, as he viewed the question, with the interests of his country, for he had been brought up in the faith of the ancient régime, not blind to its faults, but believing that with those faults amended, there was no salvation for France beyond the pale of monarchy. Apprehensions for their personal safety, and the security of their property operated with many of the emigrants, who, so early as the year 1790, withdrew from France into Germany and other countries. But all were not influenced by purely selfish reasons, and at the head of the excepted few was the Marquis de Grandmesnil, a nobleman of considerable wealth, who had served with distinction in the last war. Not even amongst his own class had Monsieur de Grandmesnil a more intimate friend than Monsieur Morin, and it was by his advice the Marquis acted when, with his only son Henri, then in his twenty-third year, he at length decided on joining the army of the Prince de Condé. In doing so, he left with Monsieur Morin the requisite authority for disposing of all his available property; and such was the well-known probity of the man whom he thus trusted, such was the opinion entertained of his political capacity, that several other noblemen similarly situated also deposited large sums with Monsieur Morin to be devoted to the object they all had in view. Foreseeing, on his side, that England must eventually become the centre of his party's operations, Monsieur Morin repeatedly crossed over to London to organize his plans for the expected time; and although such journeys were eminently hazardous, his care and skill, coupled with the assistance rendered by some of the men in power who secretly wished well to the royal cause, enabled him to pass to and fro without molestation, and even without suspicion. These visits were paid in the lifetime of the elder Devaux, and it was privately through him, as we have seen, that all Mon-

sieur Morin's financial arrangements were made.

It has been intimated that Richard Devaux entered readily into the projects of the emigrants; but, besides the feeling excited throughout England by the bloody acts of the Septembrist, an additional stimulus to his zeal was given by Adelaide Morin, who had herself beheld the fearful spectacle which followed the murder of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

Adelaide Morin was well calculated to make converts of those who listened to her impassioned words. Had there been no suffering to deplore, no wrong to redress, no right to sustain, royalty was so thoroughly a part of her nature that even from such as held a contrary opinion, her advocacy must have commanded attention. But when her auditors felt, or were disposed to feel as she did, it was no wonder that she created partisans. Of all the circle that surrounded her, none echoed her sentiments more warmly than Richard Devaux.

It is possible that, for the moment, this young man's devotion to the cause of French royalty was sincere; but if Adelaide Morin had been separated from that cause there is no room for doubting which side of the question he would have taken. He had, indeed, fallen deeply in love with her.

III.

The single purpose by which Monsieur Morin was inspired so completely filled his mind that he was alive only to that which reflected his own desires, and he unhesitatingly took for granted Richard Devaux's fervent declarations, and reposed unlimited confidence in them.

The refugee's house was accordingly open at all hours to his new friend, who, one morning, went there much earlier than usual.

"Has your master received his letters to-day, Louis?" he asked of the valet.

"No, sir. And he is very anxious on that account."

"Where is he?"

"In the study, sir, with Mademoiselle"

"Show me there!"

Entering as Louis announced him, Devaux found Monsieur Morin and Adelaide writing.

On hearing his name they both looked quickly up.

"Have you news?" eagerly inquired Monsieur Morin.

"I have. At least there are rumors. They are very bad!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Adelaide. "What has happened?"

"It is reported that—the Convention—" he paused.

"Speak!—speak!" cried father and daughter, in one breath.

"Have condemned the King to death!"

Adelaide sank back in her chair. The pen fell from Monsieur Morin's hand.

"Condemned—to death!" he said. "From whom have you this news?"

"It is current generally. It was every man's conversation at the opening of 'Change. I came here instantly to learn the truth."

"And they have left me uninformed," said Monsieur Morin, with bitterness. "When, do they say, was this fearful decree pronounced?"

"On the evening before last. A government courier is believed to have brought the intelligence. The funds have already fallen more than three per cent. Yet it *may* be only a stockjobbing report."

"I fear not. But I have still the means of finding out. Stay here, Devaux, till I return. I will be absent no longer than I can help."

Monsieur Morin quitted the room. The street-door closed immediately afterwards, and Adelaide was left alone with Richard Devaux. It was

the first time that this had ever occurred.

For several minutes Mademoiselle Morin remained without speech or motion. At length she sighed heavily, and raised her head.

"This is terrible!" she said.

"Sad enough, Mademoiselle," answered Devaux, "if the news be really true."

"They will not dare to execute the sentence," she continued, with flashing eyes.

"What have they not dared?" he returned.

"It is true," she said, "nothing restrains them. Oh, if there were hands now to strike in the King's defence. But such hands are far, far away!"

"Hands there are," said Devaux, "near enough yet to serve him. They can never be wanting when you desire their aid."

There was something in the speaker's tone which sounded strangely in Adelaide's ears. She turned on him a searching glance.

Devaux met it without shrinking.

"Is there any one," he continued, "who would not give his life for the cause that interests Adelaide Morin?"

Still her eyes were fixed on his, as if she doubted what she heard.

Devaux drew nearer.

"Why," he said, "should I refrain from uttering what my heart is bursting to reveal? Mademoiselle Morin—Adelaide—I love you! As man never yet loved woman, I love you!" Encouraged by her silence, he attempted to take her hand. She started back, astonished.

"Love me!" she cried. "You! at this hour!"

"From the first moment I saw you. If you will be mine, all I have is yours. Every resource I can command shall be at the service of your King."

"There is no traffic, sir, in love," said Adelaide, with dignity. "Were this even a time to speak of such things, your words would be wholly unavailing."

"If," pleaded Devaux, "I have chosen a wrong moment—"

"All moments are the same," interrupted Adelaide, "your suit is hopeless. Let the subject be no more mentioned."

"Mademoiselle Morin?" cried Devaux, impatiently, "you love another! You are proud, Mademoiselle Morin, but—"

His speech was broken short by a violent knocking at the street door. It was Monsieur Morin. He hastened into the room like one distracted, threw an open letter upon the table, and buried his face in his hands. Deep and long-drawn sobs choked his utterance.

"Our kind, good master—come, Adelaide, come to my breast, and weep your heart away—the King is no more!"

While Monsieur Morin and his daughter were locked in each other's arms, Richard Devaux read the letter. In a few lines it told of the execution of Louis the Sixteenth.

There was a settled resolve on Monsieur Morin's brow when he spoke again.

"We had hoped," he said, "to avert this blow. Our task must be to avenge it. Not an hour must be lost. Everything, Devaux, must be realized as soon as possible. You will kindly excuse us now. Adelaide and I have a sad day's work to do. There are dear friends abroad who should learn the news of to-day from none but ourselves."

Mademoiselle Morin said nothing. She did not even raise her eyes when Richard Devaux took his leave. Had she done so, she might have marvelled at the singular expression which his features wore.

IV.

Days of agitation passed for each of the three persons whom this narrative most concerns. Events succeeded

each other so rapidly, that, within a month from the reception of the news of the King's execution, war against England had been declared by the Convention, and a counter defiance hurled against the regicide government. This furnished full occupation for Monsieur Morin, at whose house meetings were constantly held to organize the expedition of an emigrant force to operate on the coast of Brittany, under the command of the Marquis de Grandmesnil, and his son Henri. In all the business connected with this expedition, Mademoiselle Morin was indefatigable. She acted as her father's secretary, and something more. She had personal motives for desiring the presence of the destined chiefs of the expedition in London, and her letters to that effect were urgent. Richard Devaux also had enough to occupy his thoughts. Upon him devolved the supply of the sinews of this proposed warfare, derivable from the funds which Monsieur Morin had lodged with his house. This business, however, was not all he had to think about, the scene between Adelaide and himself being never absent from his memory.

Undeterred by a first rejection, he was bent on renewing his proposals. An idea, not yet definitely shaped, had crossed his mind, which pointed toward success; but, before he encouraged it, there was a test to which Adelaide Morin must yet be submitted. He remembered that, when he abruptly charged her with loving another, her countenance changed; he also remembered what Monsieur Morin had said in reference to the dear friends who were absent; and these recollections strengthened his first suspicion. If Mademoiselle Morin wished her cause to prosper, she must be his, and his alone.

Upon this resolution he acted on the first occasion that offered of speaking to her again without a witness to their conversation. Vain, however, were all his words. With still more haughtiness than before, Mademoiselle Morin repelled his advances, and he left her presence with that in his heart which only wanted one assurance to change its feelings to deadly hate. Accident supplied him with it.

For greater security in a time so fraught with trouble to the French emigrants, wherever they happened to have taken refuge, it had been settled between Monsieur Morin and Richard Devaux, that all the correspondence having relation to the projected descent upon the French shores should pass through the banker's firm.

On the day of his last interview with Adelaide, when, with every angry passion at war within him, he went back to the city to bury himself in affairs, he found that a large packet, with a foreign postmark, had arrived. The envelope bore his address alone; within were at least a dozen letters, the greater part directed to Monsieur Morin. As he turned them over hastily, with the intention of dispatching them to their several destinations, one letter caught his attention. It was addressed, not to Monsieur Morin, but to his daughter. On the seal was the letter H, with this motto, in Gothic characters, "Plus est en vous." Was the key to the enigma here? Without a moment's pause, he tore open the letter, and, though every word in it danced before his eyes, he read it through, long as it was, to the end.

"This then," he muttered, "contains the secret of my rejection. The 'dear friend' is here. Henri de Grandmesnil is her accepted lover. What tenderness! What constancy! What ardent affection! 'To clasp her again to his bosom!' A husband could scarcely say more. A French husband, if all I have heard be true, would never say so much. But whether true or false, Henri de Grandmesnil, since that is your high-sounding name, you shall never see

her more, if I can prevent the meeting. But how? Does Morin know of this engagement? He trusts his daughter with everything; she may have done the same by him. It is ambition, Royalist as he is, which leads him, perhaps, to the hope of mingling his blood with that of these high-born nobles. Curses on them all! The son of the old Bordeaux merchant is beneath their notice! . . . I may be wrong, though; Morin may not be aware that this preux chevalier courts his daughter! I will see him before I decide."

V.

While Richard Devaux was debating within himself what course he should take to bring the question to issue, a visitor was announced. He had hardly time to crumple up and thrust into his pocket the letter he had just read, when Monsieur Morin entered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see you have dispatches for me."

"Which," replied Devaux, "I was about to take to your house."

"I am glad I came. We might have missed each other, and time is precious to us both. Permit me to read them here."

"Certainly."

Monsieur Morin was soon deeply absorbed in his letters. Richard Devaux tried also to occupy himself with what was before him; but he could not bend his mind to business. The knowledge he had just acquired distracted his thoughts from every other consideration, and he remained closely watching the countenance of his visitor, as if to gather from its expression something to guide him in the proceedings he meditated. His feverish impatience made him long for the moments to begin; but when the time arrived, he felt it had come too soon.

"It is much as I expected," said Monsieur Morin, folding up the last letter. "They cannot move without money. Monsieur de Grandmesnil writes to say that a remittance of five thousand pounds must instantly be sent to Rotterdam, the amount to be placed to his credit with the house of Van Orley and Company, of that city."

Richard Devaux made no reply; he had risen while the other was speaking, and now paced the room with gloom upon his brow.

"But," said Monsieur Morin, "you do not hear me, my good friend. A sum of—"

"I hear you, sir," interrupted Devaux; "I hear you plainly; but before we enter upon that subject, I have something else of more importance to speak of."

"Of more importance!" repeated Monsieur Morin, in surprise.

"At least to me," said Devaux.

"Ah! that is different. Whatever is important to you will be of interest to me."

Richard Devaux came closer to Monsieur Morin. His cheek, usually so pale, was flushed, his lips trembled, and his words were hardly articulate.

"Monsieur Morin," he said, "I wish to speak to you about your daughter."

The listener was astonished; but he waited for more before he replied.

"Yes," continued Devaux, "what I have to say concerns Mademoiselle Morin—and myself. Sir, I love her! I ask her of you in marriage."

"Young man!" said Monsieur Morin, "do you know what you ask?"

"Perfectly," returned Devaux. "I repeat my request. Will you bestow on me the hand of your daughter?"

Monsieur Morin, in his turn, asked a question.

"Have you spoken to Adelaide herself?"

"I have—spoken—to her," he replied, in a faltering voice.

"And what was her answer?"

"You," said Devaux, evading the

question, "were my father's oldest friend. How he prospered in life you know. All he had he left to me. I am a rich man, Monsieur Morin. I can place your daughter in a position beyond the reach of those accidents of fortune to which she—or yourself—may, in these troublous times be exposed. Your authority would have weight against what is, perhaps, only the young lady's natural timidity."

"Mademoiselle Morin has then refused you."

Richard Devaux remained silent.

"Surely, my good friend," continued the refugee, "you do not wish me to force my daughter's inclinations. This is a passing fancy of yours, which meets with no return. Forget it. Look rather at the state of public affairs; which, at this crisis, calls for every man's attention. Even were my daughter so disposed, the thing is impossible. That sacred blood is not yet dry upon the executioner's axe; the stones of Paris still cry aloud for revenge; our souls are all bent on one great enterprise; and can we turn from it at this hour to think of our own affairs? No. I say again, wake from your idle dream! Adelaide cannot be yours."

"Is this, sir," said Devaux, slowly, "your final decree?"

"As final, my friend—nay, do not look angrily. I mean everything in kindness—as final,—well, well,—it cannot be altered."

"And have you stated all your reasons?" asked Devaux, with an irrepressible sneer, which did not escape the quick Frenchman's observation. "Because," he continued, before the latter could say a word, "if any remain behind, they had better be rendered at once, that I may be able to meet them with some that I have to offer of my own."

"You are now speaking a language," said Monsieur Morin, "which I do not comprehend."

"Let me make my meaning clearer then. Are you sure, in coming to the conclusion, which you declare so unalterable, that you have decided favorably for those projects which affect you more, as you allege, than any domestic interest?"

"Again, I cannot understand you."

"Friends should not lightly be cast aside. At a time like this they may be doubly useful. My services have their value."

"You set a price upon them? You make them the condition of a personal alliance? It is enough. Henceforward I claim no sympathy at your hands. We will at once regulate those affairs which cannot, at least, have been to your disadvantage. And, in the first place, let us return to the subject whence I started. A credit of five thousand pounds is required for Monsieur de Grandmesnil on the house of Van Orley and Company, of Rotterdam. Be so good as to give the necessary directions for that payment. We will then go into the question of a general settlement; after which I shall select another banker."

The livid hue on the face of Richard Devaux might have prepared Monsier Morin for any credible announcement, but not for the words which the former now uttered.

"I fear," he said, "that Monsieur de Grandmesnil must be disappointed. I have no funds belonging to that gentleman in my possession."

"Are you in your right senses?" exclaimed Monsieur Morin, starting to his feet. "No money that belongs to the Marquis de Grandmesnil? You hold at least one hundred thousand pounds. Not to speak of the large sums which I have deposited on my own account, and on that of others."

Richard Devaux laughed bitterly. "A hundred thousand pounds," he echoed. "That, indeed, is worth claiming. Other large sums, too! Well, Monsieur Morin, when you can show me the necessary vouchers for

these amounts, we will talk about meeting your demands."

"Heavens!" cried Monsieur Morin, "do you deny the deposits? Do you mean—"

"I mean exactly what I say. I have never received a farthing from either Monsieur de Grandmesnil or yourself."

Paralyzed by the audacity of this assertion, the refugee stood like one stricken to stone.

Richard Devaux rang the bell.

"I will satisfy you that I am speaking by the card. Benson," he continued, addressing the clerk who entered, "bring me the account of the Marquis de Grandmesnil."

"Whose, sir?"

Devaux repeated the order.

"We have no account in that name, sir."

"I told you so," said Devaux, coolly, turning to Monsieur Morin. "That will do, Benson; you may go. Have you any desire, Monsieur Morin, that I should ask for your account also?"

"Traitor! Liar! Robber! All this world shall ring with the report of your villainy. But I shall have justice! I will—I will—at—Mercy! What is this at my heart! Henri—Adel—Mon Roi!" Morin staggered and fell.

Richard Devaux bent over him for a moment, and then ran to the door.

"Come here, come here, some of you. This unfortunate gentleman has fallen in a fit. Run for the nearest surgeon. A most excitable man, Benson. I have assisted him privately to a great extent. A disinclination to make further advances has completely turned his head. He is under the strangest delusion."

A surgeon came. He felt Monsieur Morin's pulse, laid his hand upon his breast, and closely examined his face.

"Sir," he said to Devaux, "the gentleman is dead."

VI.

A FEW words may close this story. The projected expedition failed for want of money. The Marquis de Grandmesnil and his son both fell at the bombardment of Gertruydenberg. Adelaide Morin, taken under the protection of another refugee family, survived her father's death and that of Henri de Grandmesnil, to whom she had been secretly married; but she survived, happily for herself, without memory, save perchance those gleams whose visitations cannot be tracked.

Richard Devaux never again went near the house of Monsieur Morin, which, after his death, remained unoccupied; but to his own house in the city he went day by day, year after year. He was the most assiduous man of business in London, and stood high in the world's estimation. He lived to be one of the richest men in England, but his wealth brought him neither happiness nor contentment. He lived amidst the plaudits of his fellow-men, and was surrounded with every luxury that money could command, but bereft of that peace of mind which is the basis of all true happiness, each day became to him all the more intolerable, until finally broken in mind and body and filled with an undying remorse, he put an end to his miserable existence with his own hand.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES IN THE DARK AGES.

THE hordes of barbarians who streamed down upon the civilization of Rome had little thought of or care for either intellectual culture or those arts and sciences which, cultivated and fostered, contribute so much to the comfort and improvement of the people. Alaric with his Visigoths, and Attila, self-styled the Scourge of God, with his Huns, would have laughed to scorn the modern philosophy contained in the euphemism, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Yet slowly but surely a power almost unknown was paving the way for proving that truth, while they revered no art save the wielding of the sword, no science save that in which that weapon was all-powerful.

Among the barbarian conquerors, however, a singular exception to this universal ignorance and contempt for learning is to be found in Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. He fostered as far as he could the study of the ancient literature, and was the protector of Bœthius, who may be styled the last of the classics, and the connecting link between the old and the new periods of literature. When his eloquence was silenced by an untimely death there was found no tongue to take up the tale, the language of Tully and Virgil was heard no more, and long ages passed away ere learned diligence restored its purity. The downfall of learning after the death of Bœthius was very rapid; an encyclopædic method of study was introduced by the few who still fed the sacred flame; but this method, by its very form, proved its weakness.

For five long centuries the ecclesiastical order were almost the only guardians of the faint flame of the lamp of knowledge. In the retirement of their monasteries or the solitudes of their hermitages they still fed the spark, and protected it from the rude northern whirlwind. It was from this hidden source that the fair form was to come forth to prove her power, and the might which was to overcome with wondrous art the rude prowess of the sword. The necessity among the clergy of preserving the Latin language as that in which the Scriptures, the canons, and liturgies of the Church were written, of having a fixed organ of communication in order that the truths of Christianity might not be at the mercy of the changing jargon of the various tribes, kept flowing in the worst times a slender stream, but one of living waters, which in a short time was to prove itself a mighty river.

But the studies of the clergy were confined, for a long time, strictly to sacred subjects; there seemed to be an intense prejudice against secular learning. Gregory I, who may be considered the founder of the Papal supremacy, Isadore, and Alcuin, all shared this dislike. St. Benedict, in establishing his several orders, while he enjoined his brethren to read, copy, and collect books, was silent as to their nature, and this omission became the means of preserving and multiplying classical manuscripts. Good, however, grew out of this prejudice, for if the clergy had been less tenacious of their Latin liturgy and the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures, it is very certain all grammatical learning would have been lost.

In Ireland, in the sixth century, the monasteries were known as foci of light; students flocked thither from France and Italy. In England greater attention was paid to secular

learning through the instrumentality of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent there by the Pope in 668. The Venerable Bede is the greatest name in the literary annals of England at that time. Alcuin, a disciple of his, with Brother Stalicius, assisted Charlemagne to lay the foundations of learning, and thus dispel some part of the gross ignorance which had enveloped his empire. But the praise of establishing schools originally belongs to some bishops and abbots of the sixth century, in place of the imperial schools overthrown by the barbarians. Hallam says: "In the downfall of that temporal dominion a spiritual aristocracy was providentially raised up to save from extinction the remains of learning and religion itself."

The cathedral and conventual schools established by Charlemagne preserved the small portion of learning which survived, and Alcuin devoted himself to the restoration of the Latin language to grammatical purity.

The tenth century is considered the darkest of these dark ages, but this is applicable rather to Italy and England than to Germany and France. Meiners tells us that, "In no age, perhaps, did Germany possess more learned and virtuous churchmen of the Episcopal order than in the latter half of the eleventh century." Among the most renowned names were John Scotus Eregina and Gerbert.

With the twelfth century we enter a new era in the literary history of Europe. A decided progress had been made in all the walks of intellectual pursuits, and the result of this progress was the institution of universities, and the methods pursued in them; the cultivation of modern languages, followed by the multiplication of books, and the extension of the art of writing; the investigation and study of Roman law; and last, by the return to the study of the Latin language in its ancient models of purity. Schools of logic in Paris were instituted by William of Champeaux in 1109. In this century we also have Lanfranc and Anselm in theology.

Paris was, in the middle of the twelfth century, another Athens. The number of students exceeded that of the citizens, in consequence of which influx Philip Augustus enlarged the boundaries of the city, but this only increased the crowd. Colleges with endowments for poor scholars were established in Paris and Bologna about the middle of the thirteenth century. Andrés derives the institution of collegiate foundations in monasteries from the Saracens. He finds no trace of them among the ancient customs of Greece or Rome, while in Cordova, Granada, and Malaga colleges of great renown existed.

Oxford, founded by Alfred, became a great resort in the reign of Henry II, and was in the thirteenth century second only to the University of Paris in the multitude of its students and the celebrity of its scholastic disputations. In 1220 Abelard established his school of rhetoric in Paris.

The institution of the mendicant order of friars soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century gave encouragement to the scholastic philosophy. Not so well acquainted with grammatical literature as the Benedictine, less accustomed to collect and transcribe books, the disciples of Francis and Dominic betook themselves to disputation. The greatest scholars of the new era were the Dominican Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan Duns Scotus. This philosophy gave rise to a great display of address, subtlety, and sagacity in the explanation and distinction of abstract ideas, but at the same time to many trifling and minute speculations and a contempt of positive and particular knowledge, and much unnecessary and false refinement.

In Italy it was not till 1360 that

public schools of theology were opened. Yet the disciples of Averroes were very numerous in the University of Padua about that time.

The cultivation of modern languages led naturally to an era of romantic poetry, whose expression was the far-famed music singers, the troubadors and wandering minstrels, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of many traditions of the manners and customs of our forefathers. Many of these were of noble and even royal birth, and the cultivation of this gentle art tended greatly to subdue and civilize.

From what has been said we can easily see whence came the light which illuminated the dark ages in the field of literature. The Church, guided by her Divine founder, was the source whence all truth, learning, and knowledge proceeded, and if weeds grew up in her fair garden, she alone had the power to extirpate and uproot them; there was no need to apply for external assistance. Many evils had sprung up and had been rooted out. Many still remained, and when Luther's protest against Rome and Catholicism, in 1517, first burst upon the world, the heresy of Reform had long slumbered in a chrysalis state, so to speak, awaiting only some circumstance to favor its developement. "The egg was laid," says Erasmus; "Luther had but to incubate and hatch it." Had he been in earnest in his reformation, had his sincere desire been to shake the dust from the spotless garments of the Bride of Christ, he need not have gone the length he did, nor employed the means. The instruments of true reform were in the Church ready to his hand had he but chosen to use them. But the devil had taken possession of the vain, weak heart, and led him to his destruction. The result was the "modern civilization," so lauded, of hard, cold materialism, a false philosophy and a soulless creed, which eliminates from religion every trace of divinity, and leaves it to the guidance of each individual's imaginary inspiration, and under the false guise of liberty decks out the demon of license; while the Church, unruffled and serene, purified by the laws and decrees of the Council of Trent, goes on her God-sent mission, and daily sees fall around her some one or other of the pigmy sects sprung from Luther's heresy. The corruption among the higher classes of the clergy, and of the people, increased his chances of success. The suppression of celibacy amongst the clergy and of monastic vows was looked upon with secret favor by the depraved among them; the prospect of seeing all the property of the Church fall into their possession excited the cupidity of princes, and the rejection of ecclesiastical teaching flattered the vanity of the people, who by the new teachings were made supreme judges of dogmas through the rights which had been conferred upon them, themselves to interpret the Bible, now translated into the vulgar tongue. For two centuries Rationalism had been disseminating the leaven of revolt against the authority of the past, and the advent of printing lent it fresh force. In the first ecstasy of license men deemed it unnecessary to preserve any outward decency, and threw away the cloak of even a certain code of morality, of which we find most brilliant examples among pagan society. And disciples, at first obedient, soon became rebellious and impatient to obtain for themselves the liberty of inquiry and the independence of principles which Luther despotically endeavored to reserve exclusively for himself; hence sects innumerable sprang up, so that the great heresiarch in contemplating his work might have been reminded of the fisherman of the "Arabian Nights," who, finding a bottle on the seashore, uncorked it, and thus liberated a genie possessed of unthought-of powers, and who refused again to re-

turn to his prison-house, or to be controlled by his liberator.

In the art of agriculture, the cultivation of the cereals and the preservation of these necessities of modern life, we find again it is the monks who have been instrumental in their development and continuance to our day. The tracts of land assigned to the religious orders were often nothing but dreary, desolate wastes, out of which it would seem impossible to glean any useful matter, or stony, rocky wilds, fitted only for the grazing of mountain goats or similar hardy animals. These gifts were made by kings and princes sometimes, as being too poor for their own use, or too worthless to be given to a courtier. So the monks fell heirs to what often was not worth a thought in the minds of the rich and great. They took the gift thankfully, quietly went to work, and in an incredibly short time the substantial walls of the monastery would rise in grace and symmetry, the swamps around would be drained with scientific care, the fields be waving their rich treasures of wheat and other grains in the soft summer air, while the little chapel, nestling among the vines covering the rocky hillsides, would, with its silvery bell, call the country people round to Divine service, over roads rendered passable and kept in excellent order by the "lazy" monks. These duties were their recreation after hours spent in study over musty half-effaced manuscripts, or in the illumination of the Sacred Scriptures, missals, etc., which are now guarded with such care in our museums of literature, and which bring such fabulous prices among our dilettanti. Printing, however, put an end to these literary labors to a great extent.

Various dates have been assigned for this grand discovery, which was to revolutionize the world. A discovery it could hardly be called, but rather a lost art. Stamps have been found among the ancients with legends traced the wrong way, from which positive impressions were obtained, and Cicero, in a passage refuting the doctrine of Epicurus on the creation of the world by atoms, says, "Why not believe also that by throwing together indiscriminately innumerable forms of letters of the alphabet, either in gold or in any other substance, one can print with these letters on the ground the annals of Eunius?" The movable letters of the ancients were carved in boxwood or ivory, but they were only used in teaching children to read, as Quinctilian testifies in his "Oratorical Institutions," and St. Jerome in his "Epistles." Various dates have been assigned, and also various birthplaces as well as different parentages for this wonderful art. Some assign it to the year 1420, to Haarlem and Laurent Coster, thirty years before Gutenberg, of Strasburg, gave his scientific discovery to the world. In these pages we have no space to enter into the dispute. Suffice it for us that the discovery was made, and we of to-day reap all the advantages accruing from it.

The use of paper made from cotton and even linen rags was known in very early times, as far back as the beginning of the twelfth century. After the Saracens had reduced Egypt, the importation of papyrus, so long in general use, was stopped. Parchment, which took its place, was very expensive, and this costliness gave rise to the custom of erasing MSS., and writing new matter upon the clean pages thus obtained. Much valuable information has been lost by this practice. The Greeks sought for some material to take the place of parchment, and discovered a material made from cotton rags, sold in the city of Damascus, whence called *charta Damascena*, which is our paper.

For a long time, as we are aware, "the ancients lived in tents," architecture was an unknown art, and even when they found the necessity

of erecting more substantial protection, when they decided to give over their roamings and settle into towns and cities, while each one built a house, the *art* of architecture was little known or thought of. Then we have the massive ruins of Thebes and Babylon, those mysterious relics of dim antiquity scattered through Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, to show us what they could do when once awakened to the knowledge of the capability of stone and mortar to contribute to the dignity and well-being of men, or the honor of their deities. And how vocal with old heroic legends seems every rugged stone! Monuments we would fain believe of the days of Achilles and the Atreidæ. The historians and philosophers of the days of Pericles knew no more of the authors of these gigantic fragments than ourselves. Each rugged gateway may have seen the marshalling of heroes arrayed to man the thousand ships of Argos, and wait upon their chariot-wheels to whom Zeus had consigned her twofold throne and sceptre. We have no space in this article to trace the gradual change which came over this art, as it was studied more and more by the light of the growing intelligences; our part is to point out the patient devotion with which the beautifying of God's temples was carried on during these ages of faith, when, because they were the houses of God, hands and hearts united to make them the wonders of the age and of all ages, not by outside glory, not for display of arch and piers and flying buttresses, but by the ornamentation of every part, however hidden, carving a wreath as delicately and truly far up under the eaves, where mortal eyes would never see it, as over the broad entrance doors. Of course as the study of the beauties of architecture became more general, more attention was paid to the beautifying of private residences. But the first idea of all such buildings was strength alone, providing protection against the almost constant warfare of those times. When we contrast our present puny edifices of brick with those composed of huge blocks of stone, which frown down upon us from so many crags and mountain-sides in Europe, we cannot but feel that modern times have much to learn of the dark ages in this art.

Sculpture and painting are the twin arts which suffered most from the inroads of the barbarians, and were the slowest to recover their pristine glory; in fact, it may be doubted whether the former has ever recovered fully, or whether modern artists can really rival Phidias and the early Greeks. But when these arts did begin to revive, their recovery was rapid, and modern "light" must turn again to the "dark" ages for instruction. No matter how cleverly the fingers may mould the clay or guide the brush, no man or woman among us feels himself or herself an artist until a study of the "antique," either from the originals as preserved in the art galleries of Rome, Paris, Munich, or Dresden, or the copies which have been made for our own, has revealed the secret of their greatness. And but for the churchmen, who were munificent patrons and protectors of art and artists in these dark ages, where would these treasures of Rome and Greece have been after the barbarian whirlwind and its resultant confusion, the long years of wars and rapine, the destruction by ignorant and infuriated mobs? And in studying the history of those days we see again how thoroughly they were "ages of faith." From the earliest resurrection of the painter's art we find them tracing upon the canvas their dream of that most divine group, the Holy Family, or another devotes years of his life to the perfection of a Virgin and Child, or again, the Assumption of the Blessed Mother, or the triumph of God's saints. The greatest geniuses considered all but sacred subjects

infinitely beneath their art, and Michael Angelo's and Raphael's pencils were paralyzed by any other, and even when they were induced or obliged by kingly request or mandate to divert their chisels and brushes to another channel, to the decorations of palaces and public places, how plainly have they not left the traces of their mental bias in the sacred subjects which they chose almost without exception.

A discovery which was to change the whole civilization of the world, quite as much as that of printing, by its influence over manners and customs of peoples, had its birth in the cell of one of those "lazy" monks of which we have spoken. Konstantin Aucklitzen, a native of Fresburg, having entered the Franciscan order, assumed the name of Berthold; being fond of the study of chemistry, and constantly practicing its combinations and experimenting thereon, he obtained the sobriquet of *Schwartz*. It is to him that we owe the discovery of gunpowder in its application to modern warfare and the chase. This, too, may be called a lost art, for there is incontestable proof of its having been used by the ancients; that is, the compound of nitre, sulphur and charcoal was known to the Hindoos at a very early period, some say as far back as the time of Moses. Alexander of Macedon used it with terrible effect under the name of "Greek fire." But it was looked upon with terror and very little understood, notwithstanding that Roger Bacon described it in his writings, until "Schwartz" surprised himself and the world a hundred years later.

The science of astronomy had been a favorite with the ancients before the Christian era, and while many made it a subject for earnest thought, as shown by the action of the Magi, who recognized a new heavenly body in the star which led them to the crib of Bethlehem, there were not wanting charlatans who degraded it to their own base uses, and under the name of astrology made it subservient to their own evil purposes, and an instrument by which to mislead and deceive the ignorant. The regular science was not revived, after the destruction of the Roman empire and the settlement of Europe into something resembling its present geographical divisions, until in the thirteenth century, under the patronage of the Church in Spain. But it was not until Johann Müller, surnamed Regiomontanus (a Latinization of the place of his birth, Konigsberg), devoted himself to this study, that any great progress was made. In 1474 he issued the first astronomical almanac published in Europe. Recognizing at once his genius and the service he could confer upon learning and the world, Sixtus IV, then Pope, appointed him Archbishop of Ratisbon, and eagerly secured his services in the reformation of the Roman calendar, but he died before the work was commenced. To him we owe the introduction of decimal fractions, and the science of trigonometry was developed by him nearly to its present state. Copernicus, who was the first to reassert the Pythagorean theory that the sun was stationary in the heavens and that the earth revolved around it, was a priest of the Church, and allowed to teach his doctrine undisturbed save by the commendation and patronage of the Pope and cardinals during his residence at Rome, where he gained a brilliant reputation. Tycho Brahe and Kepler, with Galileo, belong to the century just beyond the boundary of the ages we are studying, yet it will not be out of place, in view of the lies so persistently told of the latter in connection with the Church, to notice them *en passant*. We see Kepler, the disciple of Tycho Brahe, a Protestant, flying from Protestant persecution to the Jesuit university of Prague, where he was received and

honored because of his great ability and learning. In Galileo we find the pettish child of genius turning upon the hand that fostered it, and blinded by ambition, daring to impugn the word of God. This attempt, and this attempt alone, was the cause of all the trouble; yet Protestant teachers systematically become possessed of bad memories when Kepler's troubles are concerned, and remember only the "starry Galileo and his woes." Kepler was driven from Tübingen, a Protestant university, by Protestant bigotry, for teaching the same truths which Copernicus, the Catholic priest, had taught before him, while Galileo was honored and fêted and patronized at Rome, by Cardinal Bandini, in whose garden his telescope was erected, for teaching that identical theory. Cardinal Barberini, when Pope Urban VIII, proved himself a munificent patron of the astronomer. But Galileo's disposition was one to be injured rather than improved by so much laudation, and he became proud and imperious and began to assert himself like a spoiled child, who can imagine no limit to his privileges. In pushing to completion his development of the Copernican system, which was allowed as an hypothesis, but which he presumed to declare without sufficient proof a fact, he encroached upon the domain of the Church, always so jealously guarded, and dared to throw doubt upon the truth of the Sacred Scriptures, questioning the standing still of the sun at the word of Joshua. Then he was silenced by the Inquisition, and the mere fact of his having been cited before that body has induced writers inimical to the Church to imagine a long and rigorous persecution, carried on with all the venom of ignorance and fear that any new knowledge would destroy a power over the people, preserved only through that ignorance. The story has been told truthfully over and over again, and the action of the Roman court upheld, even by Protestant writers of calm judgment and common sense, yet the "*e pur si muove*" and the stamp of the foot is irresistible to sensational historians, and its theatrical effect no schoolboy can forego.

Thus, after a calm survey of the times, we find that the term "dark" is decidedly a misnomer. There was light enough in the middle ages to lead the people into the brilliant illumination of the present day, and if any one complained of darkness it was because his eyes were wilfully closed. And we see that the light which so guided the people was set upon the seven hills of Rome, cherished by her hierarchy, trimmed and fed by her God-guided hands. The Popes devoted themselves to the preservation of the Church, and with her of all that the world still held of good, and whether we see a Gregory or a Leo X upon the chair of Peter, whether the means employed seem the foolishness of the dove or the wisdom of the serpent, the end is the same. The arts and sciences, learning and intelligence were fostered and cherished, human passions were restrained by the strong hand of a God-sent authority, and the mighty ship of civilization carefully controlled and piloted amid the storms of centuries. And as the Church stood then she stands to-day, unaltered and unalterable, ever ready to lift her voice against error, ever on the watch to shield with her ægis the sacred form of truth.

As Leo the First drove back from the gates of Rome Attila and his barbarian hordes, not by force of arms, but by the divine power transmitted to him, so with the same holy weapons does Pius IX from his prison hurl forth his denunciations and reproofs against the infidelity of modern times, which threatens to sweep away every vestige of truth and religion from the world. Fearlessly as the one faced unarmed the self-

styled Scourge of God, so fearlessly does the other meet the more impalpable and insidious, but far more dangerous foe, developed and fostered by the apostasy of the Monk of Wittenberg. And so to the end of ages will the Church through her chief pastor fight the errors of the world as she has done from the beginning; and men may sneer at her and do battle with her, may even, seemingly, conquer in that battle. Their victory will be shortlived.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Il faut choisir—il faut être poète ou philosophe!"—CONSUELO.

I LOVE them both! And must I make my choice?
Can I not follow fair Philosophy,
Yet sometimes listen to the Muse's voice,
When the heart longs to speak and thou art nigh?

O never bid me stifle the loved tone
That whispers to our nature, sadly sweet!
With power to touch the heart with plaintive moan,
Or thrill with tales where love and battle meet,
Or purer impulse of the soul to greet.

And never ask me to renounce the lore
Unfolding to my gaze fair nature's page.
Still be my guides unto the distant shore,
The poet's heart, the wisdom of the sage!

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.

HOW PROFESSOR GASTER LECTURED A GHOST.

THE little old clock in the mottled walnut wood case that stood on the mantelpiece of the Professor's laboratory, No. 18 Great Decoram Street, had just chimed out midnight in a silvery and musical way, when the Professor opened his front door with a latch-key and burglariously entered his own house on his early return from an evening party.

Now, the Professor was a popular lecturer on food, electricity, and other kindred subjects, and being, moreover, a jovial, fat, clever little man, was rather an acquisition at little parties, for he sang a little, played a little, danced a little, flirted a little, and made a fool of himself a little, yet was by no means a bore, but on the contrary, a decidedly useful old bachelor, and would waltz with ugly girls, chat with talkative old fogies, and take gorgeous dowagers down to the supper-room. And as the Professor did not care about being joked at, but on the contrary liked it, and when joked, laughed, and twinkled, and beamed through his silvery spectacles, like a merry old glow-worm, every one forgot his learning and celebrity and liked the Professor heartily.

On the night in question, the Professor was in high spirits—and with some reason. Firstly, he had made two jokes that had set the supper-table in a roar, and had made the jellies shake as if they felt the cold. Secondly, he had waltzed twice with pretty Fanny Ledger, and had received a smile that gave hopes of more intimate relationship being established some day between the houses of Ledger and Gaster. Thirdly, a great thought had struck him as he walked briskly and chirpily home, for his celebrated Treatise on the Merrythought of the Dodo, which was to be read at the Society on the ensuing Wednesday.

I do not wish to say that the Professor had taken champagne with more people that night than he ought, at Mrs. Fitz Jones's great annual party (though even that would only tend to show the largeness of the excellent man's benevolence), but still I must concede that somehow or other he was abnormally exhilarated, for he danced a cavalier seul as he put his Gibus on the hall-table, and pirouetted as he took off his gray opera wrapper and shawl handkerchief, and lighted his moderator lamp at the flame of the expiring night-light. But as I have often observed that great benevolence and good animal spirits go together, I am sometimes inclined to think that the milk of human kindness is in some constitutions flavored slightly with alcohol, and therefore partakes of the nature of milk-punch. However, I leave this abstruse question to those clear-headed gentlemen the physiologists.

The Professor was as brave as most men, but he was that night, it must be confessed, a little nervous. His nerves were sensitive and wide awake—in the state that I should be inclined to think the telegraph wires are in, that is, constantly and almost fretfully expecting a message to be sent through their medium. The Professor, I think, had got a sort of vague suspicion of ghosts or thieves, material or spiritual intruders, he did not know which, and he did not care which either; for I am sure that in the one case he would have fallen on them with the slender dress cane then in his hand (not a formidable weapon, it must be allowed), and in the other have flung open the front door and shouted for the police. It was, at all events, owing to this slight nervous derangement, I suppose, that the Professor, as he lighted his lamp, went down the two steps that led to

the kitchen stairs, and peered inquisitively and suspiciously into the empty darkness. But good soul! there was nothing to see there save one black-beetle on the wall, and nothing to hear but the watchful drudging tick of the imprisoned kitchen clock below. The bolts were all up at the shutters, and the doormats were duly removed. Trusty Mrs. Dawson had forgotten nothing.

"Pooh! what a fool I am!" thought the Professor, as he turned the key of his laboratory door opening out of the hall to the right, and stepped in. Everything was snug and trim, the stove was ruddy, the gas-lamps were just alight, and that was all, their little blue jets hoarding up the flame with due regard to the quarterly gas bill. How clear and bright the spirit-lamp looked; how crystalline were the glass bowls; how ready to go through fire and water the rough crucibles; how grand the retorts; how red the vermilioned horseshoes of big magnets! In the exhilaration of those after-supper moments the Professor felt quite a boy again, and the old boyish delight at the sight of the chemical apparatus came over him with its old power. "Of what use was it to go to bed? He was sure not to get to sleep after that strong coffee. Why might he not sit up for an hour and work?"

"Work." But here a difficulty presented itself. What kind of work should Professor Gaster select? There wasn't time to go into "the dodo's merrythought," and it wanted daylight to examine "the capillary circulation of the tadpole's tail." But the Professor had a will of his own, he decided in a moment, the struggle was over, he would—yes, that was it—pursue his researches on the "gastric juice and the effect of alcoholic liquids upon the human system." Thoughts suggested at Mrs. Fitz Jones's party might possibly be useful, he might even from his own self-consciousness, and the memory of that lobster salad, digested so facilely, deduce certain facts not useless to humanity—humanity, I mean, with a big H—HUMANITY.

"What's that noise? Oh, only the policeman trying the front door to see if it is properly bolted."

The Professor sits down at his table, which is on the door side of the stove, turns up the gas (up it flies like a willing spirit), and sits down to work quietly for an hour at his résumé lecture on the gastric juice. But first he goes (I should mention) to a side-table at the farthest end of the room beyond the stove, to see that that mischievous girl of Mrs. Dawson's hasn't been touching the thermo-electrical instruments. No, the wires are right, and yesterday's solder, joining the bars of copper and the bars of iron, is firm and uncracked. But I think she has been moving the skeleton of the Polish soldier that the doctor keeps for his anatomical lectures, else why is one of the skeleton's legs thrust out before the other, as if our bony friend with the vacant eyes, and the Russian bullet in his skull, had been promenading the laboratory in his master's absence? With a "tut-tut" of impatience the Doctor puts the skeleton into its right place in the corner, and makes as he does it quite a castanet clatter with the loose leg-bones; at last it is right, hanging by the usual ring, safe on its gibbet-like frame, dry, brown, and ghastly as ever.

Now the Professor settles down at last seriously to work. He carefully culls the best pen in his quiver and nibs it. He takes off the gutta-percha band that encircles his roll of lecture manuscripts, and he unscrews the top of his inkstand. Ye gods of medicine be propitious, for the Professor has mounted the tripod—I mean, he has just seated himself with a plop on his red morocco leather covered library-chair. Now, he flattens the paper oratorically with the back of his hand, and with a slightly pompous hem! savoring somewhat

of the British institution, and with a slight hiccough, begins to read his preliminary résumé of the net results of stomachic digestion.

"First. The food is churned, ground, triturated, macerated, disintegrated, and liquefied."

Here the Professor stopped, and seriously reflected whether those three last oyster patés that followed instead of preceding the liberal helping of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's blancmange were not rather injudicious.

"2. The fats, liberated from their cellular envelopes, have become oils."

"I shall suffer for this to-morrow," thought the gay Professor.

"3. The sugars have not much altered, for they are crystalline bodies; but the cane-sugars have turned to grape-sugars, and perhaps a small proportion of them have turned to lactic or milk acid."

"I shall have a headache to-morrow," said the Professor's stomachic conscience, quite indifferent to the lecture on the gastric juice.

"4. The vegetable matters have been divided and made pulpy. The starch of some of them has turned into saliva."

Here the Professor lighted a cheroot.

"5. The albuminous matters have been macerated and some portion of them turned into peptones (how the gas flickers!); the whole has become a pulp."

"Excellent," said the good little man, rubbing his plump little hands —"excellently condensed, though I say it. Such should popular science be, and would that such it were! I shall then perform my extraordinary and expensive experiments of artificial digestion. Taking a—halloa! what's that noise? I'm rather nervous to-night—taking, I say, the stomach of a newly killed sheep, carefully cleaned and scented, I shall desire my attendant to place into it, bit by bit, an excellent dinner: turtle soup, salmon, salad, a slice of venison, vegetables, beer, wine, catsup, bread, pastry, and finally cheese. I shall then pour in two tablespoonfuls of my artificial gastric juice, and submit the whole to a gentle heat, showing by an electric light which will penetrate the tissues of the bag, the rapid solvency of the whole into one colorless pulp or chyle. This lecture will lead to tremendous discussions in the papers. One will talk cleverly about it, quote the Latin grammar, and say some sharp ill-tempered things. Another, say The Fleam, that clever medical paper, will have discussions showing that there is no such thing as gastric juice, and never was; upon which The Cricket will reply and show that every drop of blood in our bodies is gastric juice. When the whole affair is finished, The Bottler will have some album verses on the gastric juice, and will have a leader proving that a belief in the indiscoverability of the component parts of the gastric juice is a Tory institution. Ha! ha!"

And here the Professor, pausing to take breath, actually rolled about in his chair at the images his exhilarated imagination had raised, but he suddenly drew up quite rigid and composed as the echo of his own laugh seemed to return to him from the bookcase behind the skeleton.

Now the Professor, though a vain little man, and a trifle of a humbug, had a certain sense of humor, and he was not so wise that he could not laugh at himself. I like him for it, and I think that that merry (perhaps rather champagny) laugh did him great credit.

The popular lecturer looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to one.

"Stay till two," he said, "and just read short notes that, have drawn up for m' Christmas lecture on 'British and Foreign Wines, their uses and abuses, with special remarks, by request, on South African Port and Betts's Brandy.' Oh, that

Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne! there was something in it. What two glasses of cham—" Here the Professor again hiccoughed. "But the cold air on a February night (after supper parties) does make one hiccough. What *is* that noise?"

"Let us first consider the bouquet of wines, and its causes (that'll do for them). The bouquet or vinous perfume arises from the presence and evolvement of a substance called œnanthic ether. (Here I must puzzle them a little; the public like to be puzzled.) Alcohol, you know, ladies and gentlemen, is a hydrate of the oxide of ethyl ($HO + O + C_4 - H_5$). Now, if we put—"

I am not prepared to say how unintelligible the learned Professor might have become had not a certain strange shuffling stir that he heard, or fancied he heard, at this moment struck his attention. It was a sound like the walking of a very lame man, mixed up with the stir and drag of a moving chain and a sort of bony rattle, not at all pleasant at one o'clock in the morning.

The sound came from the direction of the bookcase beyond the stove, the little door of which, by-the-by, at this moment suddenly flew open with a jerk, as if frightened. The Professor could not see very well into the dark corner, for the bright globe of the gas-lamp shaded it from his eyes. When, however, he turned his head slightly on one side, and thus got rid of what (without a bull) might be perhaps called the overshadowing glare, he caught sight of an extraordinary object—visible, materially visible, to his optic nerves, and to the eyes, which may be called their windows.

There was no doubt about it at all—*he saw, or thought he saw, distinctly*, TWO SKELETONS, sitting and warming their shins in front of his stove door. One must be his laboratory skeleton, for it had the well-known black bullet-mark on the left temple; but the other was a perfect stranger. The one sat with legs stretched foppishly out, and his long right arm hung over the chair-back; the other cowered over the fire and rubbed his knees, which the fire reflection turned to luminous crimson.

But the Doctor was a brave man, and not a superstitious one. He had done his best, too, to expose the folly of table-rapping, and of the stuffed hands and lazy tongs, and all the rest of it. He did not, therefore, believe what he saw, but attributed it at once to a natural cause. All he said was, as he rose and pointed at the skeletons, these simple words of common sense:

"Diseased state of my retina."

Here the Polish ghost rose, and introduced his friend with a wave of the hand as "the Guy's Hospital skeleton."

Now, I may as well here premise that I am not myself answerable for the exact truth of what the skeleton said, as the Doctor could never make up his mind afterwards whether the skeletons actually spoke, or whether the replies apparently addressed to him by those strange apparitions were not rather replies made by his inner consciousness to his own questions.

"Binocular deception, occasioned by temporary vinous affection of the optic nerve, very common after dinner."

At this moment the Polish ghost coughed in the impatient way in which people do who wish to edge a word in.

The Professor continued in a contemptuous tone, feeling his pulse deliberately as he spoke, and making a note on his blotting-pad of its condition "at fifteen minutes past one, Thursday, February 15th.

"The blood heated; the nervous system by some subtle cause thrown off its balance, brain locally excited in the organ of caution—it's all that infernal champagne of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's—that's it—a species of waking nightmare."

Here the Professor threw himself unconsciously into a lecturing attitude, and struck the table with a heavy ruler.

The ghost getting rather impatient and a little nettled, advanced to the table and putting one hand on his hip oratorically, stretched the other deprecatingly towards the Professor, whose courage increased every minute the more scientifically heated he got.

"Just *one* moment," said the ghost, "if I may be permitted by my friend from Guy's."

"I have devoted much time to these cases," said the Professor (he was one of those men you constantly meet, who have always "devoted much time" to whatever subject you are discussing), "and I know all the precedents; they are all classified; there was Dr. Ferriar, and Monsieur Nicholai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin."

"I often meet him," said the ghost.

"About the year 1791," said the Professor, treading down all interruptions, "Nicholai began to be visited by crowds of ghosts."

"I was one of them," said the Polish ghost. The skeleton from Guy's nodded, and bleared through a quite superfluous eyeglass, to indicate that he was another.

"Crowds of phantasmata," continued Gaster, "who moved and acted before him, who addressed him, and to whom without fear he spoke, knowing that they were symptoms of a certain derangement of health, such as suicidal feelings, and indeed all melancholy, arise from."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ghost, entreating silence, and actually winking slyly at the Professor.

"Silence, sir! You are a mere phantom, the result of hectic symptoms, febrile and inflammatory disorders, inflammation of the brain, nervous irritability, hypochondria, gout, apoplexy, the inhalation of gases, or delirium tremens. Go! You are the mere offspring of a morbid sensibility, and only fools and skeptics have any belief in you!"

"But, one word."

"Not a word; I know all your relations; there is Dr. Gregory's old hag, who used to strike people with her crutch."

"My grandmother on my father's side," said the ghost consequentially. "Mother Shipton was my aunt."

"Sorry for it; for she was no great things. I've seen too many ghosts, sir, as some great person once said, ever to believe in them—a pack of rubbish. The man who believes in a ghost, I tell you, ought to be sent to an hospital."

The quiet, dittoing ghost suggested "Guy's," and smiled.

"*I* know the ghost in the tamboured waistcoat, and the skeleton that looked between the bed-curtains and frightened the doctor," said the Professor.

"Daren't look behind you, though!" said the Polish ghost in a nagging and malicious way.

At this sneer the ghost from Guy's rubbed his knees harder than ever, and laughed till he rocked again.

"Daren't I," said the Doctor, and turned quietly round; then, snapping back again, and catching the gentleman from Poland sliding forward to try and pull his coat and frighten him, he deliberately snatched up his heavy ruler, and hit the Pole a rattling blow on his bare skull; at which the Pole grew angry, and the friend from Guy's laughed more than ever.

"How about Maupertuis' ghost? That's a settler, I think," said the Pole, stepping back to a safe distance from the table, and thrusting in the remark spitefully.

"The mere fancy of a possible event. Remember the ghost that the captain sat down upon in the arm-chair, and then followed into bed—eh! Halloa! What, not a word to fling to a dog—what, quite

chopfallen! Sir, I shall put you in my next lecture."

"Don't, don't," said both ghosts, in a whining voice; "we'll go quietly away if you promise not to."

"Miserable impostors, begone! I know all your petty tricks—the voice that called Dr. Johnson—the young ensign who died of oversmoking at Kitchemegar, and that same night went and terrified his poor sister, for no reason in the world, at No. 999 Gower Street. Bah!"

"But, my dear sir, a moment's patience; let me put one argument before you. Look at the haunted houses in Great Britain, the rooms where no one can be induced, 'by even the boundless wealth of the antipodes,' to sleep; look at the clashing of our chains, the white shrouds, the groans, the—"

As the Polish skeleton here got out of breath, his lungs being evidently out of order, the Professor slipped in and continued his honest tirade.

"Stuff about your haunted houses—noises, all rats and draughts—unnatural deaths, bad sewers—the chains, rusty weathercocks—and all the rest, the tricks of deceiving servants, smugglers, or thieves."

Here the ghost from Poland shrugged his shoulders and looked piteously at the ghost from Guy's; then both shrugged their shoulders noisily.

"But the wet ensign who comes and tells his sister he is drowned at Cutchemabobbery, in the Madras Presidency!"

"Ah! what about the wet ensign?" said the ghost from Guy's, backing up his friend's query in a posing and rather hurt sort of way.

"Curse the wet ensign! A frivolous sister, nervous with incessant late hours, too much eau de Cologne, and the perusal of a sensation novel, has apprehensions about her brother in India, eventually goes to sleep over the piano, and dreams she sees him dripping."

"But she didn't dream," said Poland.

"No, she *didn't* dream," said Guy's, resorting again to his eyeglass.

"But I say she did," said the Professor.

"She didn't."

"She did."

"She didn't."

"But I attended her great aunt, and I ought to know," said the Professor.

The skeleton from Guy's here clenched his fist, but the ghost from Poland groaned.

"It's no use," said the latter.

"Not a bit," said the former.

"On my word of honor, my dear sir," said the ghost from Poland, trying once more, and laying his hand on the vacuity where his heart ought to have been, "it was not a dream."

"It was not a dream, on my conscience," said Guy's.

"Now look you here, gentlemen," said the Doctor, getting red in the face, and seriously angry, "I have borne this, I think, long enough. I have proved to you both that you don't exist; why don't you go civilly like gentlemen?" (The Doctor rather slurred the pronunciation of this word.) "You are impostors, scarecrows, mere bubbles; air, vapor, thought. Begone; or, I give you fair notice, if you are not off in five minutes by that clock, I will ring the bell, fire off a double-barrel gun, spring a rattle, throw open the front door, and alarm the street!"

This threat seemed to have a great effect on the two skeletons. Guy's sat down and warmed his shinbones again in a desponding manner, but on Poland touching his shoulder, they both got up and began to whisper together in a violent and agitated way. They were evidently going.

* * * * *

The Doctor fell suddenly into a deep sleep. He did not awake until Betsy Jane, the housemaid, came in

to "do" the room at seven A.M. That fair vestal found the gas burning, and the Doctor fast asleep in his armchair.

In alluding to the event afterwards, Dr. Gaster's friends always called that vision and sleep the result of "over-study," but his enemies (and what great man is not troubled with such vermin ?) called it "too much of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne."

NATURAL SCIENCE IN ITS HIGHER ASPECTS.

THE nineteenth century will be a memorable period in the world's history. The progress made during it in the knowledge of the material universe is simply marvellous. We have investigated our own peculiar bodily mechanism, peered into the most secret recesses of nature, and have grasped very many of those physical laws by which our world is regulated. Besides, we have turned aside from our own globe,—it was too small for the extent of increasing research,—and we have solved the mysteries of the boundless heaven. These investigations of nature which we are bringing to such perfection, were so imperfect till within the last few centuries that they consisted of only a collection of facts, and were thought by the old philosophers unworthy of the name of science. Modern research has, however, accomplished so much that while one in ordinary life may remain ignorant of the vast and subtle machinery of mental science, he cannot remain unacquainted with the most important principles of the philosophy of nature. We have no longer a mere bundle of events and curious phenomena; we have deduced from a study of nature a beautiful system of knowledge, depending one part on another, and all illustrated with surprising ingenuity.

It is interesting to note how the learned men of olden time pursued the investigation of nature. Their researches extended only to the most ordinary objects within reach. Pythagoras early gave it as his opinion that all nature consisted of earth, air, fire, and water, and that all of these were necessary although antagonistic to each other. All who followed him adopted his opinion, until the time of the middle ages, when the doctrine that all material substances are only modifications of an original element took root. From this arose the idea of the transmutation of metals and the elixir of life. It remained for the invention of many of our most necessary scientific instruments to dispel these illusions. The inability to comprehend causes of the most common events of nature, such as thunder and lightning, or to obtain an understanding of the stars, sun, and the moon, gave rise to many superstitions. Man suffered in many ways from such an absence of scientific knowledge, and it is only by a comparison of our times with those days that we can properly appreciate our advantages.

From an increase in our knowledge of the powers of nature, we derive many of the benefits enjoyed by us at the present day. Although man has not curbed his passions, yet he has come to respect human life and human interests from reasons based on natural science. War is decreasing in its horrors, pain is alleviated by the most appropriate remedies, and life is protected by the

most skilful inventions and carefully prepared medicines.

The world is encompassed by man's knowledge, and as he advances his mundane researches he seeks for exactness and certainty in every branch of his investigations. Measurements of meridians, observations of eclipses, and of transits of planets, for the knowledge of time, light, and the position of the earth in the universe, all occupy his attention. To make his knowledge of the globe greater, exploring expeditions have been sent into ice and snow to seek out the hitherto inaccessible North Pole, and across burning deserts to trace the line of the Equator.

What is the object of all this various and complex research amid the mysteries of nature? The readiest answer that can be given is that it advances the material convenience of man. But if it could do no more it would not deserve the name of science; it would stand no higher than does the capability of money-getting. We know that we can span the earth as quick as the lightning flash, that distance is practically annihilated, and places are brought near, that familiar voices may be heard from afar, and that every comfort and luxury is furnished us by science. But this can avail us no more than our daily food if it bring us not into closer contemplation of the Creator of what has furnished us the material for our convenience. Science explains the plan of operation manifested in the whole universe, and although it has not reached that point at which it can explain every process of nature, throws a flood of light on the wonders of creation. It reveals the laws that govern the mighty globes revolving amid the immensity of space, and exhibits the reason of the various phenomena of inorganic and animate matter upon the earth, while it points with unerring finger at the solemn and inevitable fact that there is a God. It unveils his majesty in the lightning and the tempest, it brings us face to face with his power in the earthquake and the flood, and shows his infinite wisdom in the manifold creation of animal and plant to suit the place for which they were designed. No man can be a true natural philosopher and fail to detect the hand of One that is mightier than he in all that goes on around him. The man who makes his researches culminate in the theory that nothing can produce something, is one who forgets the dignity of his manhood, and who imagines he is using his reason to the best advantage when he uses it to destroy his noblest aspirations, and to blot out the belief in a better element of his being.

Science is not the dull spiritless vocation of one wearily plodding on with the vain hope of grasping the unattainable, of acquiring the knowledge and power of the Deity, but it has usefulness, and possesses a living force more fascinating, perhaps, for its student than music is for the musician, painting for the artist, or the muse for the poet. It has, indeed, true poetry: for what is poetry? It is the language of the beautiful. Coleridge says it is "the blossom and fragrance of all human emotions, passions, human thoughts, and knowledge." Truly a poetic definition, and one that expresses the poetry of natural science; for this is a branch of human knowledge which possesses blossom and fragrance in plenty. Poets derive much of their poetry from the contemplation of external nature, and if the external give such a vibration to the more delicate chords of the human soul, why may not a more intimate view of nature cause the same feelings? It seems to be so, for it was said of Sir Humphry Davy that if he had not been the best chemist of his age, he would have been its best poet. Many noted scientific men in their few leisure hours have turned poets for recreation, while others, such as Tyndall

and Huxley, possess a poetic charm of thought and expression which they seem to use as velvet sheath for the steel of their cunningly devised theories. Dr. Dalton, the eminent physiologist, also manifests the poetic instinct in his admirable descriptions of the senses and powers of the human body, and sometimes invests his subject with as true a poetic halo as the poet does his hero. In fact man cannot approach nature in a kindly manner, even under the guidance of science, without feeling a sense of the beautiful within him, which can only be called the "poetry of the soul," although it does not break forth in words.

Besides, it behooves us to study science as a shield for our most cherished principles of religion. Unfortunately the science of the present day seems directed toward the annihilation of the belief in a personal God, and the worship of him. Misdirected science would have us believe that there is a universal all-pervading force, without any attribute of omniscience or omnipotence, from which all things have been evolved, a belief which we must combat by being able to resist its advocates upon their own ground. The mistake has been made by overstepping the boundaries of natural science; for it, although apparently so extensive, has its limits. When an astronomer tells us that such a star is so and so we may implicitly trust him, but when he tells us that he finds no God at the end of his telescope, we must consider that he is beyond the bounds of his science. Because a man is a good physicist, it does not follow that he is a good theologian or linguist. Therefore his judgments must be taken for what they are worth; and if he sets himself up in theology or languages, they are probably worth nothing. So must we deal with the theorists of the present day. In their scientific domain we will consider their demonstrations of the greatest value, but any attempt outside of that may be worth nothing, or be positively reprehensible.

In conclusion, then, to quote the sentiments of the Vatican Council, "Let science increase and advance, but always in its own domain, and guided by Revelation: for the same God who revealed the truths of religion is also the God of science, and always the God of truth, and truth can never be in contradiction with truth."

BURY THE DEAD.

"Give me a grave, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."—GENESIS 23 : 4 (Heb.)

ENWRAPT in fair white shroud,
With fragrant flowers strewn,
With loving tears and holy prayers,
And wailing loud,
Shut out the light!
Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
Out of my sight!

Corruption's touch will wrong
The sacred Dead too soon;
Then wreath the brow, the eyelids kiss;
Delay not long.
Behold the blight!
Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
Out of our sight!

But there are other Dead
That will not buried be,
That walk about in glaring day
With noiseless tread,
And stalk at night;
Unburied Dead, unburied Dead,
Ever in sight.

Dear friendships snapped in twain,
Sweet confidence betrayed,
Old hopes forsworn, old loves worn out,
Vows pledged in vain.
There is no flight,
Ye living, unrelenting Dead,
Out of your sight.

O for a grave where I
Might hide my dead away!
That sacred bond, that holy trust,
How could it die?
Out of my sight!
O mocking Dead, unburied Dead,
Out of my sight!

O ever-living Dead,
Who cannot buried be;
In our heart's core your name is writ,
What though it bled?
The wound was slight
To eyes that loved no more, in death's
Remorseless night.

O still beloved Dead,
No grave is found for you;
No friends weep with us o'er your bier;
No prayers are said;
For out of sight
We wail our Dead, our secret Dead,
Alone at night.

Give me a grave so deep
That they may rest with me;
For they shall lie with my dead heart
In healing sleep;
Till out of night
We shall all pass, O risen Dead,
Into God's sight!

POWERS OF CALCULATION.

WHAT an immense difference there is between hearing of an extraordinary fact, between even believing it; that is, simply saying to yourself, "Yes, I suppose it must be true, because everybody seems to take it for granted," and witnessing the same fact in proper person! Reading about the sea, for instance, and making your first sea-voyage; rapidly perusing a book of travels, and beholding for yourself a tropical country; glancing at the report of an execution or a battle, and being actually present at the horrid scene, are, respectively, two quite different affairs. We read Captain Cook's adventures amongst various savage islanders, and even his death by their hands, without any very startling or exceptional impression. It is an amusing romance, a terrible tragedy, no more. We figure to ourselves savages in general as enemies merely—as holding with civilized man relations similar to those of the French and English of old—as antagonistic powers, that is all. But an acute observer, who went round the world with his eyes wide open, says that what impressed him most during the whole of that vast tour was the sight, face to face, of a real savage man. Some years ago a similar surprise was experienced by myself, though not from any fierce untamed fellow-creature, but, on the contrary, from a remarkably inoffensive and well-trained person. I had heard of George Bidder, in his time, that is, when his powers were publicly exhibited. Afterwards, the fame of the mathematical shepherd, Henry Mondeux, had reached my ears. I had regarded the reputation of those celebrities, as mental arithmeticians, with the same nonchalance with which people always regard things of which they are ignorant. But on the occasion in question I was present by invitation, at a private assembly, held to witness the exploits of a young man who was said to solve wonderful problems in his head, and I was also requested to prepare an arithmetical question or two. I did so, chuckling all the while to myself, "If you get through that, my good sir, without help of pen or paper, you are a cleverer fellow than I expect." The meeting was numerous, the majority (though

far from the totality) being schoolboys, with a sharp-set appetite for a display of ciphering skill. The hero of the night was standing in the midst, in the attitude common to blind people and extremely absent and thoughtful persons. He requested silence to be kept while he was making his calculations, which he did walking backwards and forwards, with a sort of short, quarter-deck step.

"What shall we begin with?" was a natural inquiry.

"Suppose we take addition first, and mount gradually through the rules. Will any one name any sums they think fit to be added together?"

Hereupon various individuals dictated items of hundreds of thousands, a million and odd, a few hundreds, and even units, to render the task the more puzzling, till some ten or twelve lines of figures were taken down by the gentleman who acted as secretary. Before he could finish the addition on the paper, the phenomenon gave the total accurately. I began to tremble for my questions, fearing that they would not prove posers.

Next was proposed a sum of subtraction, in which trillions were to be deducted from trillions. The remainder was given as easily as an answer to What o'clock is it? Certainly my questions would turn out no posers at all.

"Can you extract cube roots mentally?" I asked.

"Yes, give me one."

"What is the cube root of nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three?"

"Oh, that is too easy. It is twenty-seven."

Later in the evening he extracted a cube root of four figures. The schoolboys were delighted and astonished. If they had not applauded heartily, as they did, they would not have been schoolboys.

"I have a little calculation to propose," I said, "which involves multiplication principally. A fleet of seventy-three fishing-boats start from Dunkirk on the first of April to catch cod in the North Sea. They return on the thirty-first of July; that is, they are absent four months."

"I understand; they are out at sea a hundred and twenty-two days."

"Each boat carries nineteen men. How many men are there in the whole fleet?"

"One thousand three hundred and eighty-seven."

"And if each man eats four pounds of bread per day, how much bread per day is eaten on board all the boats?"

"Of course, five thousand five hundred and forty-eight pounds."

"With how much bread, then, must the fleet be provisioned to supply it during the whole of its four months' voyage?"

The calculator, who had stood still during the previous questions, resumed his quarter-deck pacing to and fro, and put on, as country-people say, his considering-cap. In a few instants he stopped short, and said, "They must take out with them six hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six pounds of bread."

"Perfectly correct! Quite right!"

The boys were in ecstasies, which found vent in another round of applause.

"But these hard-working fishermen," I continued, "keep up their strength with something else besides bread. Each man drinks a glass of gin every morning; how many drams are drunk during the course of the four months?"

Another short promenade, and then the answer: "One hundred and sixty-nine thousand, two hundred and fourteen."

"But that is not all; the gin is kept in bottles, and each bottle holds thirty-seven petits verres or drams. How many bottles must the fleet carry out?"

"It must take out—let us see—it

must take out four thousand five hundred and seventy-three bottles, and a fraction consisting of thirteen drams over."

And so ended my question number one; no poser, nor ass's bridge at all. The interest of the audience was highly excited. To give a short repose to the calculator's brain, a young lady treated us to a charming divertisement on the piano.

"Are you tired?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Shall we try something with a greater number of figures?"

"If you please."

"Listen, then. I have a bottle of ditch-water, the contents of which, as near as I can estimate, amount to eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-two drops. In every drop, on examining it with the microscope, I find three species of animalcules—large, middle-sized, and small, namely, seventeen large ones, thirty-nine middle-sized, and two hundred and sixty-four small. First, tell me how many large animalcules I have in my bottle."

After a few paces, the correct answer is given: "You have one million, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-four."

"And how many middle-sized ones?"

"Three millions, four hundred and fourteen thousand, nine hundred and eighteen."

"Exactly. And how many small ones!"

"Twenty-three millions, one hundred and twenty-six thousand—"

"No; you have made an error there."

"Stop; let me see. It is twenty-three millions, one hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and sixty-eight."

"Perfectly correct. And now, if you please, how many animalcules, large, small, and middle-sized, have I altogether in my bottle of ditch-water?"

"You have twenty-eight millions, nineteen thousand, eight hundred and forty."

"Right. But I observe, on watching them, that each large animalcule eats, per day, one middle-sized, and three little animalcules. How many animalcules shall I have left at the end of a couple of days?"

"There will be, altogether, sixteen millions, one hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and eight survivors."

After a few other arithmetical lucubrations, the calculating performer made a proposition which not a little startled his auditors.

"Dictate to me," he said, "from a written paper, a hundred and fifty figures, any you please, in any order, and I will repeat them to you by heart. Read them aloud to me, by sixes."

A gentleman present took pencil and paper, and wrote down a string of figures as they came into his head, by chance. "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one."

"Yes," said the phenomenon, "go on."

"Nought, five, seven, six, two, three."

"Yes; go on."

And so on till there were a hundred and fifty figures on the list.

"Will you like to make it two hundred?" asked the imperturbable calculator.

"No, no; that's quite enough," shouted the humane audience.

"Now, repeat them once again, quick."

The figures were repeated accordingly.

"I am ready; they are nailed fast in my head. If I make a mistake, say 'False;' but don't correct me. Which way will you like to have them said?—beginning from the beginning, or beginning from the end? The great number of zeros in the list makes it more difficult; but never mind."

"Begin from the beginning," was the considerate word of command.

The wonder resumed his pacing step, and with half-shut eyes and forefinger vibrating by the side of his forehead, close to the phrenological organ of number (a favorite action with him), commenced his repetition: "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one; nought, five, seven, six, two, three," etc.; until the hundred and fifty figures were run off the roll-call, in much the same tone as a little child recites "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour." There were only one or two errors, owing, he said, to the treacherous zeros; and on the admonition "False," they were corrected without aid. And then he repeated the list backwards, with the same monotonous ease. And then he offered to name any one given figure on the list.

"What is the forty-fifth figure, counting from the end?"

"A seven, between a one on the right hand, and a nine on the left."

"What is the twenty-first figure from the beginning?"

"A five, with a zero to the right, and a three to the left."

And then he sat down, amidst crowning applause, wiping the perspiration from his brow, as well he might. And then he rose and gave a detailed summing up (with the figures) of all the problems he had gone through during the evening.

Jean Jacques Winkler, the person who executes these prodigies of mental gymnastics, according to his own account, was born at Zurich, in 1831. He was one of a family of eight—four sons and four daughters. His father was a retired bill-broker, living on his income a sort of animal life (the son's expression), and wishing to keep the wanderer at home. Jean Jacques, from his earliest childhood, studied all sorts of subjects by night and by day, possessing a peculiar aptitude for calculation, combined with a prodigious memory. He studied in various places, and under various instructors, even under Arago, amongst others. This hard study gradually weakened his eyesight till he became quite blind, and continued so for two years and a half, until he was twenty-five years of age. The blindness came on "comically," he said, without headache or pain in the eyes; in short, he had never been ill in his life. As long as the deprivation of sight continued, his great amusement was to calculate problems in his head. Eyesight returned gradually, as it had departed, but only partially. Medical men promised him its complete restoration if he would renounce mental mathematics; but the propensity was too strong. He performed in his head all sorts of calculations in spherical trigonometry, curves, and other branches of high science. But, for himself, the most difficult operation was simple multiplication on a somewhat extended scale, say the multiplication of twenty figures by a multiplier consisting of fifteen or twenty. A sum like this took him ten or twelve minutes to work mentally—the only way possible; for he could not see clearly enough even to sign his own name without having his hand guided.

Contrary to most of the calculators hitherto exhibited to the public, and who, like Mondeux, were mathematicians by instinct, and could not explain how they arrived at their results, M. Winkler was perfectly acquainted with the theory of numbers, and arrived at the solution of the strongest problems by means of a methodical mental operation. He had formulæ of his own for the extraction of cube roots, for instance, and short-cuts for trigonometry. A power consisting of thirty figures took him four or five minutes to extract its cube root mentally—an astounding feat; for a good arithmetician will require three-quarters of an hour to do the same thing with pencil and slate. He had projected a mathematical book to facilitate and shorten intricate operations of the kind, but was prevented by the difficulty of producing in writing his imagined symbols.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ANOTHER of the persecutors of the Church has been called to render his account before the tribunal of God. On the 9th of January Victor Emanuel died. He is a striking instance how men failing to correspond with divine grace, and giving loose reins to their passions, break through the restraints of conscience and known duty, fall constantly deeper and deeper into the abysses of sin, until at last they yield unhesitatingly to every temptation that presents itself, and commit sacrilege and other enormities without hesitation or seeming compunctions of conscience.

Victor Emanuel's crimes are not chargeable to want of knowledge or misdirected education. He was taught the principles of our holy religion in youth; he was acquainted with its truths. But he possessed violent passions, and allowed them to acquire the mastery over him until he became their slave. He indulged in personality until it became a second nature to him, and he gratified its base desires to such extent that he became in that respect a beast rather than a man. His ambition was allowed in like manner to rule him, so that he became the willing slave of men more astute than himself, of Cavour as long as he lived, and after his death, of others who adopted the worst of his ideas, and who developed them into consequences from which, we believe, Cavour would have shrunk.

How Victor Emanuel despoiled and persecuted the Church, plundered and suppressed its religious, desecrated its sacred shrines and sanctuaries, stabled his horses in convents, and perpetrated other sacrileges, is too well known to need repetition.

Had all that he has done been foretold him in his youth, he would have probably answered in the words of Hazael, who became king of Syria, to the prophet Eliseus, *Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great sin?* And yet as Hazael did all the enormities predicted of him, so Victor Emanuel went on, step by step, until he came to be as cruel a persecutor of the Church as was Hazael of the children of Israel.

He has been buried with pomp and ceremony, has been freely forgiven for the offences he did to him personally by the Holy Father, but what judgment God, who alone knows the disposition in which the usurper of Italy died, will pronounce upon him, because of his sins, it is not for us to determine.

His son, Humbert, has ascended the usurped throne, and according to his published address, proposes to follow the example set him by his wicked father. How far he will be permitted by God, whose power is almighty, and how far he will be held back by him, no one can foresee. One thing is certain, the Church is imperishable, and those who persecute her are always in the end made to pay the penalty of their wickedness, while the Church survives, and comes forth from persecution with renewed power and beauty.

DR. THOMAS W. M. MARSHALL, one of the ablest Catholic journalists in the English language, died on the 14th of December last, at his residence, at Surhiton, Surrey County, England, after a long and painful illness, borne with great patience and perfect resignation to the will of God.

Dr. Marshall was almost as well known in the United States as in England, by his copious and at the same time trenchant journalistic writings, and also through the valuable books of which he was author. He visited this country twice in the course of his life, and wherever he went he won the respect and esteem of those he met, by his geniality, humility, and unaffected piety. During his visit in 1871, he lectured to large audiences in Philadelphia and other cities, on subjects connected with Catholicity, with universal acceptance.

The impression made during his visit to Philadelphia was such that he was offered a professorship in the Diocesan Theological Seminary, and was also solicited to become editor of the *Catholic Standard*, and the clergy and laity of the city united in making up a considerable sum of money, which was presented to him as a mark of their high esteem.

Dr. Marshall was a convert from Anglicanism. He was born in 1815, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1838, received Anglican "ordination" from the "Bishop of Salisbury," and held the living of Swallowcliff as long as he remained an Anglican minister.

About the year 1843 he published a voluminous work, entitled *Notes on the Catholic Episcopate*, in which he clearly showed that the Episcopal form of Church government was the only one in the early ages of the Church. The investigations and studies necessary for preparing this work were instrumental in bringing Dr. Marshall in the Catholic Church.

On his conversion to Catholicity Dr. Marshall gave up the living of Swallowcliff, and was compelled to rely entirely on his pen for support. He was poor, and the

sacrifice he made in relinquishing his position as an Anglican minister was very great, but it was made unhesitatingly and cheerfully.

After Dr. Marshall became a Catholic he wrote and published a number of valuable works. Chief among these is his *Christian Missions*. This is a work of wonderful research. It is said that in preparing it the learned writer examined and consulted nearly five thousand different volumes. It shows, with a clearness that is transparent and an array of evidence that is invincible, the beneficial results of Catholic missions, and the utter failure of Protestant missions to elevate and Christianize the inhabitants of heathen countries. In addition to this work, which lived and long subserved an important purpose, Dr. Marshall subsequently wrote *My Clerical Friends*, *Church Defence*, *Protestant Journalism*, and several other books. They are specimens as regards style of pure vigorous English, are replete with thought, and enlivened with flashes of the keenest wit. At the same time Dr. Marshall was engaged in furnishing leading editorials to the London *Tablet* and the *Catholic Times and Opinions*. His journalistic articles as well as his books were always thoughtful, direct, lucid, and vigorous. He wielded a trenchant pen, pointed often with the keenest irony, yet his wit and sarcasm were never ill-natured or malicious. No one had a quicker eye to detect the weak points in his adversaries' armor, or a surer and more vigorous hand to drive the dart straight through them with unerring aim.

As a controversialist Dr. Marshall was unequalled among English writers of his time. He was thoroughly in earnest, yet never unfair. His memory was of the most tenacious grasp, and his knowledge both of men and books accurate and extensive.

As a Catholic, Dr. Marshall was sincere, devout, and zealous, and in matters of faith as single-minded as a child. In honor of his services to religion, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, bestowed on him the Cross of St. Gregory, and Georgetown College, D. C., the title of LL.D. His funeral took place at Mortlake, on Thursday, December 20th, when a Requiem Mass was said by Rev. E. F. Murnane, and the prayers at the grave by the Very Rev. Canon Wenham.

May he rest in peace.

In accordance with the spirit of the Catholic religion, the Popes have always been generous patrons of the fine arts. No Pontiff has shown more interest in them, or done more to encourage them, as well as useful industrial pursuits, and also to support charitable institutions, than His Holiness, Pius IX. Among the many splendid testimonials presented to the Sovereign Pontiff during his late Episcopal Jubilee, there is one from the Roman Academy of Fine Arts that is specially interesting, as recounting the history of his many acts of munificence and generosity for the promotion of the fine arts, though the number of these acts is so great that mention of many of them, as is stated in the preface of the work, is necessarily omitted.

The chief works noted in the volume referred to, are:

The great improvements in the Insane Asylum under the architect Azurri; the enlargement and improvement of the hospital of Santa Spirito in Sossia, and the addition of a very beautiful and highly decorated façade; restoration and embellishment of the Church of St. Maria in Via Lota, attached to the Borghese Palace; the establishment of schools for poor children in the Borgo, in the Pazza Pia, in the Via degli Ombrellari, in the new quarter Mastai; the construction of habitations for the poor in the Trastevere region; the splendid new fountain, surrounded by a garden, in the Piazza Mastai; the erection of a house for the use of the Apostolic College of the Missions, of many houses for the poor, and of an additional school for poor children, all in this same quarter. Then there is the restoration to its primitive splendor of the Basilica and *Canonica* of St. Agnes on the Nomentan Way; the enriching of the University of the Sapienza with museums of zoology and mineralogy, and the erection of edifices to contain these museums; the restoration of the Palace of Dotaria; the repairing and adornment of the ancient historical Church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina; and the restoration and adornment of the splendid new church in the town of Porto d'Anzio, dedicated to SS. Pius V and Anthony. Then there is the spacious library with which His Holiness generously endowed the Seminario Pio; the fountain built on Monte Maria, for the benefit of the people in that vicinity; the erection of great buildings for the manufacture of tobacco; the restoration of the Porta Pia, and the Porta San Pancrosio; the chapel erected in the garden of the night schools outside the Porta Cozaglieri; the systematizing of the Capitoline Observatory; of the new heating apparatus in the Botanic Garden; the anatomical theatre; the archæological museum in the Roman University; the new wing of the monastery of the Buon Pastore; the new establishment for the beneficed servants of the Vatican; the great washing establishment near the Convent of St. Clements; the great cemetery (Campo Santo) extended and embellished; the plans for the new front and portico before the Ostian Basilica; the preparation of the cloister and the court of the

Carthusian monastery for the exhibition of Christian art; the hall of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican; the restoration of the Churches of St. Lorenzo in Domaso and of St. Elias near Nepi, of the Pontifical Palace at Porto d'Anzio, of the walls of Neptune. Then there are the successful restorations in the Basilica of St. Lorenzo Without the Walls, of the magnificent frescoes of Fraccasini; the restorations in the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere; the new confessional in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, the new tabernacle, and the new receptacle for the sacred chairs of St. Peter in the Eudoxian Basilica. All these works are only a portion of what mark the glorious Pontificate of Pius IX.

In his encouragement of painting and sculpture His Holiness has always been a generous patron. Some of the finest academical works have been produced under his patronage by Cavaliers Bonifiani and Corta; Coghetti, Consoni, Goznordi, and Poderti have painted the splendid frescoes that adorn the central nave of St. Paul's Without the Walls; Grandi and Mariani have painted in the same Basilica the martyrdom and burial of SS. Lorenzo and Stefano. Cavalier Consoni, under the direction and patronage of His Holiness, designed and superintended the execution of the beautiful mosaic on the façade of St. Paul's, a work which occupied fifteen years; the splendid paintings in the hall of the Immaculate Conception in the Vatican, representing the ceremonies when that dogma was proclaimed; the grand oil painting in St. Paul's, representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

As regards sculpture, among the numerous works produced under the patronage of His Holiness we mention only the celebrated groups by Commendatore Jacomnetti, "The Kiss of Judas" and the "Ecce Homo;" the statue of St. Peter in bronze, to be placed on the column designed to commemorate the holding of the Vatican Council, and the statue of the Holy Father in prayer.

All these works, representing every worthy human interest, form a magnificent record how the Sovereign Pontiff, amid cares and labors sufficient to crush the most robust and enduring, yet finds the time, and has room in his large heart, to cherish and encourage everything that tends to lessen and alleviate human misery, to succor the poor, to encourage industry, and foster whatever tends to elevate, cultivate, and refine human character.

If the telegrams from the seat of war in Europe can be relied on as correct, Turkey lies powerless at the feet of Russia. The surrender of Osman Pasha, with all his troops, after his unsuccessful sortie from Plevna, was quickly followed by the capture of the Shipka Pass, with the whole Turkish forces defending it, to the number of twenty-five thousand men. The last remaining army of Turkey, under Suleiman Pasha, are according to accounts received while writing this, in the vicinity of Philippopolis, seventy or eighty miles west of Adrianople, with a Russian army of triple numbers pressing him in front, and an equally superior Russian force closing in upon his rear, and threatening to prevent his retreat to Adrianople. The Turkish forces seem to have become entirely demoralized, and incapable of making any effective resistance to the Russian forces in their onward progress towards Constantinople.

Negotiations for an armistice have been commenced, but Russia is evidently in no hurry to conclude them, and in all probability will protract them until Adrianople shall have fallen into her possession, and she can dictate terms of peace, with irresistible forces ready to march against Constantinople.

While the situation is as we have described in Turkey, England remains undecided and hesitating, divided and distracted at home by the opposing views of influential leaders of public opinion, and without an ally in the world upon whom she can rely, in fact without a single friend or well-wisher among civilized peoples.

She has brought this upon her herself by her duplicity and selfish policy. She allowed Denmark to be weakened and dismembered when she could have prevented it; Austria to be beaten and humiliated without uttering a word of remonstrance or performing a single act of friendly interposition. She permitted Hanover to be swallowed up by Germany, though it had a special claim on England for protection. She allowed France to be defeated, overrun, and put in fetters by Bismarck, until she broke and threw them away by the patriotism and almost superhuman energy of the French people. And now, to-day, England's voice in the councils of European nations is listened to only with a supercilious courtesy, which is equivalent to contempt, and she stands in the attitude of one who is brokenhearted and defied, wishing to strike, yet afraid to deliver a blow.

The British Parliament has been summoned together at an earlier period than usual to take the Russo-Turkish situation into consideration. The Queen was not present in person at the reassembling of Parliament, but sent a speech which was read by the Lord Chancellor to both Houses, stating that England proposed remaining neutral if possible, but that it was expedient to make adequate preparations for future

emergencies, and asking Parliament to vote the necessary supplies. A sharp debate ensued upon the answer to be made to the Queen's speech; and the policy of the ministry severely criticized. This probably only foreshadows the fiercer debate that will ensue when the proposed measures of the existing ministry come to be discussed in detail.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. James Fitton, of the Church of the Holy Redeemer in East Boston, Mass., was celebrated on December 23d with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. Father Fitton is, in all probability, the oldest priest in the United States who was born and reared in the country. There is certainly no one who is more conspicuously identified with the growth of the Church in New England.

He was born in Boston in 1803, and was baptized in the only Catholic Church edifice then erected in that city. He was educated in part under the pioneer, Bishop Cheverus, afterwards Cardinal, and was ordained by the late Bishop Fenwick upwards of fifty years ago. The venerable and highly esteemed Father has lived to see the erection of upwards of thirty Catholic churches and a magnificent cathedral in Boston alone. He has lived to see his own mission, which at first included all New England, divided into six dioceses, with Boston as a metropolitan see. He was the founder of the first Catholic periodical in the United States, the *Catholic Press*, at Hartford, of the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Mass., and erected churches in most of the principal cities and towns in New England. Though upwards of seventy-four years of age he is still hale and vigorous, his mind is clear and active, and recently he composed a history of the Church in the New England States, and prepared one of the most complete prayer-books that has been published.

Previous to the ceremonies of the jubilee, mass was celebrated by the venerable Father Fitton himself. Among those in the sanctuary were the Archbishop of Boston, the Bishop of Portland, and eleven priests from different parts of the country, who had in past years served in the sanctuary as altar-boys under Father Fitton.

Following the mass an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Portland, after which a number of memorial gifts were presented to Father Fitton. First of these was a gold chalice from the Archbishop of Boston, then a set of vestments and an address, beautifully engrossed on parchment, from those of the aged Father's altar-boys who have since been ordained priests. The present and past altar-boys then followed with a miniature yacht freighted with three hundred gold dollars. These presents were supplemented by others from the young men of the Catholic Lyceum, pupils of the school of Notre Dame, and the scholars of the Sunday-school.

THERE have been no less than forty-six priests ordained in Prussian Poland since the enactment of the infamous "Falk laws," by the German government, in May, 1874. These priests, refusing to submit to an examination by government officials, are now engaged in the discharge of the duties of their sacred office in a way that evades the iniquitous Falk laws. Masses are said by them with greatest secrecy, the Catholic gentry keeping them on their large estates as tutors or land stewards. Thus, far from extinguishing the Catholic spirit, the persecution has in many respects only proven the means of feeding the sacred flame of faith. On the other hand, however, even the government opens its eyes to the fact that the emissaries of Socialism, who have hitherto labored in vain to seduce the poor Catholic workingmen of Posen and Silesia with their pernicious doctrines, are now beginning to gain a foothold, where Catholic congregations have been deprived of their priests, and extend their evil influences just in proportion as through the enforcement of the Falk laws the people are debarred from Catholic worship and the ministration of the Catholic clergy.

THE archbishops and bishops of Ireland have issued a Pastoral, which has been read in all the churches of that island, on the subject of "wakes." They express the deep concern which they feel for the proper and respectful treatment of the dead, and refer to the many instances of demoralization and shameful misconduct which often occur at "wakes," some of them being mere carousals. In future no one is to attend at "wakes" except the immediate relatives of the deceased; no spirituous or intoxicating liquors are to be used; and in case of disobedience of these injunctions the clergy are required not to visit the house, nor to attend at the funeral, nor to celebrate Mass for the deceased.

OF the ten archbishops in the United States, four are Irish; of the fifty-six bishops, twenty-nine are of the same nationality; of the fifty-two hundred priests, not less than three thousand belong to the Irish race. A like proportion holds good as regards the laity. Of the six and a half million who are officially returned, four millions are of Irish birth or descent.

It has long been a subject of complaint that Catholic books are too high-priced. A remedy for this will be found if an enterprise undertaken by Mr. Hickey, No. 11 Barclay Street, New York, is successfully carried out. He proposes in a circular recently issued to publish classical Catholic works in a series, to be furnished at a very low price to subscribers. The series is to be called "The Vatican Library." He begins with *Fabiola* for *twenty-five cents*.

This is an excellent idea, and we hope Mr. Hickey will be sustained, so that he may successfully carry it into effect. Low-priced Catholic literature is greatly needed, and if "The Vatican Library" enterprise succeeds it will be furnished. Library companies, Catholic literary societies, and heads of families should subscribe for the series.

The ecclesiastical statistics of England and Wales show an increase of sixty-four priests and nineteen churches during the last year. In the diocese of Nottingham 10 new churches were opened; in Salford, 4; in Liverpool, 9; in Hexham, 1; in Northampton, 1; and in Plymouth, 1. The increase in the number of priests in the diocese of Liverpool is 10; in Southwark, 12; in Westminster, 8; with a less proportionate increase in other dioceses. The hierarchy remains unchanged.

In Scotland the number of priests has increased five; of churches, fourteen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

What Catholics do not Believe. A lecture delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, on Sunday evening, December 16th, 1877. By *Right Rev. P. J. Ryan*, Bishop of Tricomia, and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis. St. Louis: P. Fox, Publisher, 14 South Fifth Street. 1878.

This lecture has caused no little excitement in St. Louis, where it was delivered. It grew, in part at least, out of an invitation extended to the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, by the Rev. Dr. Snyder, "Pastor of a Unitarian Church" in St. Louis, to deliver a lecture from his pulpit and to his congregation, on "The Claims of the Catholic Church," Dr. Snyder assuring the bishop of the presence of a large number of Protestants to hear the proposed lecture. The Right Reverend Bishop did not feel that it would be proper for him to occupy a Protestant pulpit, but having already promised to deliver a lecture in the Mercantile Library Hall in aid of a new building for Catholic schools, he informed Dr. Snyder of the fact, expressing a desire that he and Protestants generally would attend.

On the delivery of the lecture at least one-half of the audience were Protestants. The subject selected by the Right Reverend Bishop was, "What Catholics do not believe." It gave him an excellent opportunity of explaining away many of the existing misapprehensions on the part of non-Catholics on many points of Catholic belief and practice.

The statement of these misapprehensions by Bishop Ryan was so clear, fair, and his counter-explanations of what Catholic belief and practice really is were so lucid and convincing that the lecture made a profound impression and became the subject of very general discussion. While in form and plan the lecture is negative, that is, takes up the leading objections of Protestants to Catholicity, and shows that in almost every instance those objections are based upon either honest misunderstanding of Catholic doctrine and practice or else wilful misrepresentation, it also incidentally but forcibly sets forth the positive side of the question, "What Catholics *do* believe."

The plan of the lecture and the arrangement of the topics discussed are very happy. Bishop Ryan introduces his subject by showing the importance of a correct knowledge of what Catholics do believe, first to Protestants, and second to indifferentists, skeptics, and infidels. He then takes up and entirely, with great simplicity, clearness, and force, exposes the erroneousness of the prevalent notion that to be a sincere Catholic requires an abnegation of reason. He follows this error through the various forms and shapes it assumes, and shows that in all of them it involves an utter misapprehension of the Catholic religion.

Next, the popular charge that Catholics are guilty of idolatry, in the employment of pictures, statues, etc., in the veneration of relics, the invocation of saints, and of the Blessed Virgin, are discussed in a very felicitous manner under one general head; the prevailing misapprehensions are exposed and the actual doctrine of the Church clearly set forth.

The subject of confession is then taken up, and the popular misapprehensions and misrepresentations respecting it are clearly exposed, and the true intention, nature, and influence of the sacrament of penance is set forth.

The lecture concludes with a magnificent

description of the celebration at Rome, in the Basilica of St. Peter, of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of the Prince of the Apostles, ending with a most eloquent description of the power, sanctity, beauty, unity, and perpetuity of the Church.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF MARY. By *Rev. J. De Concilio*, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, author of *Catholicity and Pantheism*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1878.

One purpose of Father Concilio in writing this work was to furnish a sequel to his previous work on *Catholicity and Pantheism*. At first thought it might be supposed that the subjects of the two works have little to do with each other. But as the author briefly shows, in his preface, the one has a necessary connection with the other. A true knowledge of Mary "is the best refutation of Pantheism," the universal error of our time. For the substance of Pantheism is the absorption of the finite in the infinite, and consequently the doing away with all created agency. Mary represents created agency in its grandest, sublimest, and most magnificent expression, in all the mysteries of God relating to the creature. Mary, therefore, is the best and most convincing refutation of Pantheism, the rock against which the waves of this pernicious, this all-pervading error of the times, must exhaust their force. Pretending to exalt humanity, Pantheism degrades and deprives it of everything that gives it glory. Mary, actualizing the deepest humility, exalts humanity, fulfilling the prophecy: "Thou, the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the magnificence of our people."

These thoughts furnish a clue to the author's leading motives and ideas in preparing this work. It differs from most works that have been written in English on the general subject of Mary, in that it is not devotional, meditative (if we may coin a word) in form, but theological. This fact furnishes an answer to the objection that we already have too many works upon Mary.

It would require too much space to speak in detail of the manner in which Father Concilio develops his subject. We content ourself, therefore, with simply indicating the leading divisions of the work. In an introductory chapter it is shown that God was unknown in the world before the coming of Christ; that it was impossible for man by his unaided strength to return to the knowledge and love of God; that the world owes Emanuel and Christianity along with its results to Mary. Hence, the necessity of true, accurate, solid knowledge of Mary. Then in Book First, "Mary's place in the Divine plan of the Universe" is shown; Book Second dwells upon "The Grandeur of Mary's destiny;" Book Third sets forth "The perfections of Mary;" Book Fourth exhibits "The consequences of Mary's dignity relatively to God, to the human race, and to herself;" and Book Fifth shows "Mary's merit and glory."

The work is intended to meet an existing want, and we believe will exert an important influence in two different directions. First, in acquainting Catholics more fully with the relation in the necessity of things of Mary to the mystery of the Incarnation, and all that it comprehends in its destined results and consequences to the human race; and secondly, in informing inquiring non-Catholics of the theological reasons why Mary occupies so large and so exalted a place in Catholic devotions and worship.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1878. New York: Lynch, Cole & Meehan.

In addition to the ordinary tables and other matter common to almanacs and calendars, this work contains quite a large amount of reading of special interest to persons of Irish nationality, consisting chiefly of sketches of leading events and incidents in Irish history, biographies of distinguished Irishmen, with portraits of quite a number of them, etc.

WHY A CATHOLIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY? By *William Giles Dix*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1878.

Mr. Dix is a convert, and knowing from his own personal experience while a Protestant the forms which error takes in this age, and the manner in which it blinds and misleads non-Catholics, he has written this work in the hope that it may be instrumental in leading others into the true Church. There is, of course, nothing new in the substance of the author's argument, but the work is nevertheless of value as a special application, in clear and forcible style, of old truths to the errors and isms in the forms they have assumed in our own time.

THE MIRROR OF TRUE WOMANHOOD. A Book of Instruction for Women in the World. By *Rev. Bernard O'Reilly*. New York: Peter F. Collier. 1878.

This admirable work has already been the subject of such general and high commendation by the Catholic press, that a lengthy notice here is altogether unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that, avoiding the didactic form and style, the author has produced a most interesting and charming book, full of most important practical lessons, that are of inestimable value to women of every rank and station in society, married or single, young, middle-aged, or old.